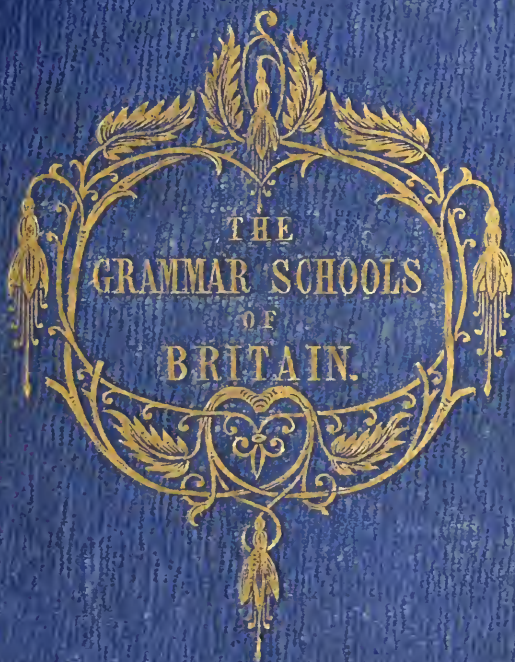


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The Grammar Schools of Britain :

A P O E M ,

IN THREE CANTOS.

BY

THE REV. S. DORIA.

HEAD MASTER

OF THE

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WIGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SUNDAY SCHOOL," "EXPOSITION OF THE CHURCH
CATECHISM," "COMPENDIUM OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY," &c. &c

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TO THE MASTERS,
PROFESSORS, AND OTHER GENTLEMEN,
WHOSE
BEST TALENTS AND LABOURS
BOTH AT THE UNIVERSITIES AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS
ARE DEVOTED
TO THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY,
THIS LITTLE POEM IS MOST
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

917936

THE PREFACE.

THE old proverb, *quot homines, tot sententiæ*, is so singularly applicable to the expansiveness of the subject, on which the Author has ventured, that provided he shall be found to have steered his frail verse clear of the Scylla of Geneva, and the Charybdis of Rome, he trusts that even public opinion will not gainsay its adaptation to this case.

The nature, moreover, of the subject is such as to interest deeply the community, and especially that portion of it, whose province it is to rear in the principles of vital Christianity a generation that shall freely serve its God, and thus be best prepared to promote the well-being of its country. Hence to the general reader an apology is due from the Author, should he seem to have arrogated to the profession, to which it is his privilege to belong, more than a fair share of the success of its Christian mission. Such, however, is not the case, for the author is well aware that there is no mind so weak in this community, that cannot do even very much towards educating the character of the young, so that the glory of God shall be the paramount object of all its thoughts, and words, and deeds. And if to the

general reader, in a much higher degree is a still more ample apology due to his professional superiors and brethren, for attempting to confine so large a subject within such narrow limits, necessarily, therefore, leaving untouched very much that might, perhaps that ought to have been introduced, inasmuch as one single Grammar School, not to mention a University, would afford a copious subject for far more gifted powers of imagination than are here displayed. In apologising, moreover, both to the one and the other for the weak style in which so nervous a subject is clothed, the Author would be understood to deprecate the severity of their criticism by throwing himself upon their indulgence shewn to his former productions, which have not warranted, but perhaps induced him to hope that the same kind welcome may also be extended to this present one.

Should the view, which has been taken of the whole subject, be deemed of too decided a character in making the Protestantism of vital Christianity the corner-stone of his building, the Author, in all humble but respectful truthfulness, must express his belief that the Founders of all our noble Universities and Grammar Schools before the time of the Reformation had but one object at heart, viz.: That these Institutions should be equally the safeguards of the Crown, as the nurseries for supplying good and able men to the service of the Church and State. With regard to those glorious Grammar Schools that sprung into existence at and after the

time of the Reformation, the Author assuredly believes it was the one intention of their several Founders, that in all of them should especially be inculcated, without any reserve, this principle—that the teaching of the Romish Church is utterly incompatible with the teaching of the Anglican Protestant Church, which acknowledges, in all its length and depth and breadth, the full, plenary, and unsearchable riches of the glorious liberty of the kingdom of Christ.

The Author trusts that he will be found to have taken no greater liberty with the history of his subject than its generous spirit might warrant; and, being deeply anxious that this Preface should end in the same kindliness of general regard in which it commenced, he would respectfully remind his readers of the comprehensiveness of the adage he adopted as his motto at the beginning.

Grammar School, Wigan.

CANTO I.

Hail, Holy Spirit, of our Britain's isle !
That erst on Juda's strand so lov'd to smile,
E'en at that need, when thy dread Godhead wrought
Its mightiest wonders, with redemption fraught,
And gav'st in awful grandeur 'midst the wave—
Safety to thine, to Egypt's host a grave ;—
From that lone hour, when in thy promise made
By Jacob's dying lips, through faith who laid
The hand of promise on his grandson's head,
The last-born Ephraim, sought the mighty dead
Of buried fathers, and dispell'd the gloom
Of hopeless fear, that brooded o'er the tomb.—
From that same hour thy holiest, fondest love,
With more than mother's care for nestling dove,
Watch'd o'er the cradled Joshua's infant form,
Rear'd him a giant 'gainst th' impending storm ;
Stamp'd on his noble brow his God's behest,
And elos'd his long career in endless rest.
Nor did thy cherish'd love for e'er defile
Its virgin promise, made despite of guile ;
Through foulest treason, murder's guilty brand,
It sigh'd when driv'n from the baneful land,

Still o'er its people hover'd like a dream,
 Amidst Assyrian chains by Gozan's stream ;
 There, through a lengthen'd course of toil and pain,
 It school'd her Israel's sons for future reign,
 Kept them aloof amid the din of arms,
 While Greece and Rome by turns the world alarms ;—
 Still cheering onwards, as the hour drew nigh
 Of Israel's blessing promis'd from on high,
 Taught them thro' faith a new redemption giv'n
 By God's own Son, restor'd from death to Heav'n,
 Launch'd on the waves, that lash her Britain's strand,
 And call'd them Saxons on their native land.

II.

'Twas even so :—The Spirit's flame,
 Smould'ring awhile without a name,
 Again blaz'd forth in holy pride,
 As bridal maiden by the side
 Of him, her first, her chosen love,
 With statelier step and firmer tread,
 And closer bound by vows above,
 Yet feels and owns her nobler head ;—
 E'en thus lov'd Britain in her glow
 Of virgin pow'r, she lov'd and fear'd,
 Chose for her own, to ward the blow

Of Danish idols wild and wierd,
 A prince of spotless, matchless worth,
 With brow that stamps the regal birth,
 By Israel bless'd through Joshua's blood,
 Daring alike to stem the flood
 Of madden'd spite, and reckless guile;—
 Mild too, as woman's holiest smile

Amid her holiest tears;—
 Thus bless'd in love by earth and heav'n
 In mutual vows for ever giv'n—

Britain no danger fears:—
 Thenceforth with nobler gait and mien
 She walk'd a Bridal Ocean-Queen,

With Alfred at her side;—
 From Cornwall's shore to boldest lea
 Of Cambria's, to Northumbria's sea,

All own'd with honest pride,
 That ne'er before that golden reign
 Such peace and plenty could regain

God's mercies thrown aside;—
 All idols bow'd before the God
 Of Alfred's path, that Britain trod

In silent holy fear;—
 God's glory was their only aim,
 The first, the last, yet still the same,
 E'en to his hallow'd bier.

III.

It is no fable idly told
Of Kings, whose virtue, like the gold
Which sparkles purer from the fire,
Long tried by danger soars the higher,
That when such die, all nature mourns,
 As though her life's blood ceas'd to flow,
And in her wildest mountain-bourns
 She seems in deepest grief to go :—
And when thus nature mourns the dead,
 And the lov'd bird of poet's song
On Isis' sedgy bank is said
 Its dirgelike numbers to prolong,
And fondly still repeat its tale
Each morn and night adown the vale,
Where Oxford 'midst her clust'ring bow'rs
In simple grandeur rears her tow'rs,
For thousand ages yet to come
Her Alfred's dear mousoleum ;—
Shall she his bride of early love,
His Britain, ever heedless prove
Of all his care and toil and pain,
That his lov'd children ne'er again,
Through ignorance of God's own word,
 On England's shores should bend the knee,

Where Gospel-liberty is heard,
 'Mid Odin's foul idolatry?—
 It cannot be;—the God who gave
 To Alfred's love a peaceful grave,
 And bless'd his Christian reign,
 His blessing giv'n will fulfil,
 E'en through much trying need, until
 His word shall sure remain :—
 For ne'er shall Britain 'midst her woe—
 Her fondest, earliest, vow forego ;—
 So deeply graven are the tears
 Upon the shrine a nation rears.

IV.

Inspir'd by heav'n, the fleeting soul,
 When on the confines of the grave,
 About to pass from man's control
 Back to its God, his life who gave
 E'en to himself, in human mould
 When born to death, by traitors sold,
 Can, at that hour, when, fades the eye,
 See somewhat of futurity ;—
 Can see, 'tis said, and know, and tell,
 If falt'ring tongue can then declare,
 What good, or evil, heav'n, or hell,

Is waiting those that sorrow there ;—
 Oh, if 'tis true,—what harrowing care
 Did England's mighty Alfred share

For England's future woe ?—
 Grief such as he alone could feel,
 When dying, that his country's weal
 Should meet its heaviest blow

E'en from that hand itself had fed,
 And arm'd against the holy dead.
 But who his rapture shall unfold,

As down the page of England's glory
 His mind in prophecy foretold,

A time should be in England's story,
 When o'er the world at peace the while
 A Queen of Victory should smile

Descended from his blood,
 Should 'midst her people great and free
 Her Albert and her Alfred see

To stem th' unrighteous flood ?—
 And does there live, who would the tears
 Of a whole people's love through years
 Still mock with scorn, and still deride,
 As drifts the fashion of the tide,
 Those glorious bulwarks of her crown,
 So dearly rescued from the frown
 Of superstitions wildest spell,

That baffles e'en the infidel?—
 And is there traitor, that will dare,
 Who freely breathes a British air,
 Has drain'd a British mother's breast,
 By British mother lull'd to rest,
 To seek the downfall of that pile,
 Rear'd by a British Alfred's smile?
 That glorious pile of England's page,
 Her safeguard amidst storm and rage,
 Where freely 'midst the cloister'd tow'rs
 Of his lov'd Oxford's peaceful bow'rs
 Learning in safety might address,
 And contemplate God's holiness;—
 There teach his Britain's sons, no more
 To bear the yoke of heathen pride,
 Thence send them school'd in Christian lore,
 O'er his own Senate to preside;
 That thus his Oxford might e'er be
 A blessing to posterity.

V.

The blood of Arab courser fires
 The courage of his progeny;—
 No eagle's eyrie-nest desires
 The dove to stain its purity;—

Like as the sire, so the son
 To generations e'er will run,
 If mother's training fondly prove
 But faithful to her infant's love ;—
 So truthful is the Scripture page,
 Denouncing wrath on every age,
 That faithless to its bridal vow
 Contaminates its blood below.—
 Then need we wonder, if we see
 The love of Alfred, pure as free
 For his dear country's weal,
 In his son Edward thus inspir'd
 By holy fame, and heaven fir'd,
 The truth of Scripture seal ?—
 And as the Poets fondly trace
 Their Diomed through his sire's race ;—
 So on thy banks and flow'ry meads,
 Time-honour'd Camus, that thy reeds
 Might ever chaunt thy Alfred's dirge,
 Borne by the gales across thy surge,
 Did his lov'd Son his Father's pray'r
 Fulfil, and raise a temple fair,
 Where pure religion might be free,
 Free as his Britain's liberty ;—
 Where noble tow'rs and schools might train
 His Britain's sons for wider reign ;—

With Oxford's banners thus unfurl'd
 Might bear God's truth throughout the world ;—
 That each, so passing fair, might prove
 From what pure source they drew their love ;—
 As Sisters, nurtur'd by one sire,
 Fondle with mutual love's desire
 Their babes, and light their Father's fire :—
 Thus train'd, thus cherish'd, thus betroth'd,
 Proudly, but nobly, have they shew'd

 Their sons, whence freedom springs ;—
 Yes, Granta, dearest Mother mine,
 Right faithfully thy glories shine,

 The world thy virtue sings ;—
 So sweetly pure, so purely true,
 Glows the life's blood, that mantles you.

VI.

Would that my grateful pen could trace
 How in the course of learning's race
 Thou, Granta, gloriously hast riv'n
 Those direful fetters Rome had striv'n
 Round beauteous science fast to tie
 By torturing rack, and infamy :—
 How through long æras thou hast train'd
 Thy sons to brave Rome's altars, stain'd

With pure religion's blood ;
 And as each martyr'd Son expir'd,
 Another rose, by thee inspir'd

To brave th' unhallow'd flood :—
 Thus with that Jewish mother's breath,
 Who taught her sons to spurn the death
 A tyrant order'd, and then gave
 Herself her country's law to save,—
 Thou, on that shrine, thy Edward rear'd,
 And Henry's charter nobly cheer'd,
 Freely to show the Gospel's might,
 And bring his people to its light,
 With pious care hast fed thy youth
 From the life-giving source of truth :—
 Like that fond bird by nature taught

From its own blood to feed its young,
 That thus with self oblation fraught

Self-love might cease its vaunting tongue,
 And human pride might learn to bow
 Submissive to God's will below.—

O God ! I seem to hear e'en now,
 Though years have sorely mark'd my brow,
 Thy gentle warnings, Granta dear,
 Strike fresh across my list'ning ear,
 And pointing upwards to the skies

Still chide my waywardness of thought,
 Still aid by teaching to uprise
 By all the means, fair science brought
 To man, with Christ's redemption fraught ;—
 Mother, I may not tell my grief
 To the cold world, it heeds not me ;—
 Thou know'st my secret soul's belief,
 Thou know'st how true it clings to thee ;—
 And whilst that God, who made thee free,
 Still sheds his grace upon thy head,
 So let thy love thou gav'st to me,
 Be on my children's children shed.

VII.

O 'twas no vain, no idle pray'r
 That pass'd unheeded through the air,
 In that his last and solemn hour,
 When in the præscience of his pow'r
 On death-bed Alfred lay ;—
 Deep as the deepest ocean-wave,
 That rocks the shroud of seaman's grave,
 His soul had pour'd its patriot zeal
 In throbbing accents for the weal
 Of Britain's Christian ray ;—

Though still the pray'r, and small the voice,

Thy caves, sweet Salop, caught its thrill ;

Loud and more loud, its happy choice,

From Isis bank to Wrekin's hill,

Echo, e'er faithful to the cause

Of nature's God and nature's laws,

Wafted across the rippling wave,

Of Avon's bank to Haumond's cave,

The pray'r of dying King to save

From Lethe's darkling stream ;

The wakeful Naids of thy vale,

Sweet Severn, stay'd the passing gale,

Bade it repeat its holy tale,

E'en as a morning's dream ;—

Then swift as skins the wild sea-mew

Adown the storm, when from the view

The surge has swept the sky ;

Or when, through harmony of thought,

The mutual love of souls has caught

One glance of beaming eye ;—

With swifter tho' not holier care

Did the fond nymphs the echo bear

Adown their Severn's rippling tide,

When in majestic awe preside

Those noble halls of Pengwern's pride,

St. Alkmund's blessed shrine ;—

There cradled midst the gentlest love,
 Of nursing Queen's prophetic lore,
 Fair science, beaming from above
 On Edgar pour'd her richest store,
 And bade him heed her babe the more.

VIII.

What, tho' grey time refus'd to save
 The Saxon arch and architrave,
 St. Alkmund's shrine still felt the glow
 Of duty's call to sacred vow,
 That Edgar in his hope and pow'r
 Had made in that thrice-blessed hour,
 That Alkmund's cloister'd tow'rs should be
 A school to all posterity ;—
 A refuge from th' impending storm,
 That scowling threaten'd every form
 Of pure religion's liberty ;—
 And what, though Roman Pontiff chang'd
 The very site of Alkmund's shrine,
 And madly o'er the ruins rang'd,
 Vaunting to crush the soul divine ;—
 Idle the vaunt, and vain the rage,
 Like the chaf'd lion in his cage,
 That madly bites his chain :

In those proud tow'rs of Edgar's pray'r
Foster'd by more than mother's care,

St. Alkmund lives again :—

No Hydra e'en of mythic lore,
Rose bolder 'gainst the iron pow'r

Of Alceus' mighty son,

Than e'er from under Romish rule

St. Alkmund's church and noble school

The Royal Edward won ;—

Thus foster'd by the royal love

Of Briton's throne, it lives to prove

How pure and sound can learning be,

When, by religion founded free,

It dares to spurn idolatry.

Hence like the beacon-fire that glar'd

From Wrekin's hill, when Spaniard dar'd

To vaunt with angry mien,

Glaring, it told the threats of Rome

Through Severn's vale 'gainst Britain's home,

Her Bible and her Queen :—

Such fire then lighted burns as clear

In Edgar's school, as neither fear

Nor guile of Jesuit priesthood's lie

Will dare its purpose to defy,

Or undermine with sophistry.

IX.

O might I revel in the pow'r
 Of painter's skill, though for an hour,
 How should the canvass glow with thee,
 My school, that nurs'd me to be free
 In the same Gospel's liberty :—
 But no,—I may not ;—then do thou
 Sweet limner, fir'd from heav'n above,
 It boldly sketch, as living now,
 Our native oak, our Britain's love ;
 And fondly in her virgin pride
 Let bridal Ivy grace its side.
 But mark, how truthful is the source
 Whence springs its beauty, whence the force
 Of all its majesty, below
 Deep seated bravely does it show
 FAITH, the main-root by which it feeds
 Its tender rootlets, whence it leads
 By nature's law, th' adapted food
 To all its branches, sound and good :—
 Next mark, how beauteously grand
 Rises its stem from out the land ;—
 Well may the poet call that stem,
 So firmly rooted in its faith,
 Its very HOPE, that priceless gem,

That renders vile all else beneath ;—
 Whence in due season it will spread
 A blessed shade for wearied head :—
 But who God's bounty may declare
 When sun and rain's appointed share
 Has freely to the oak ordain'd,
 Through changeful seasons fondly train'd
 That in each Autumn it supply
 An endless crop of CHARITY ?
 And canst thou number all its fruit
 Food once of Briton, now of brute ?—
 Then down the page of Britain's rule
 Go seek the glories of this school ;—
 I dare not from those honour'd names
 Cull here or there, when each one claims
 The incense of our grateful strain,
 For blessings ever to remain
 The epitaph they strove to gain.

X.

Years have roll'd past, yet oft I see
 With mem'ry's eye the old ash tree,
 O'ershadowing with outspread bough
 Those courts that teen'd with life below,
 Where oft, despite of Ovid's call,

I lov'd to drive the bounding ball :—
 And still those tow'rs, and noble schools,
 That chapel's court, those golden rules,
 Crowd fresh and thick o'er fancy's pow'r,
 That, dreaming of my boyhood's hour,
 I seem to lose the thoughts of age,
 Still seem to revel on the stage
 Of schoolboy's love, and schoolboy's rage.—
 Oft too at stilly hour of eve,
 When pride and pomp and love receive
 Some silent warning, that the prime
 Of all is passing, when the time
 Brings back a communing of soul
 With those who rear'd it what it is,
 Who seem our actions to control,
 And lead them on to future bliss.—
 Then who will e'er forget that name
 Beatified in mem'ry's shrine,
 That eye which could oppression tame,
 Inspire its youth with fire divine,
 And, cheering onwards up to heav'n,
 Teach, whence their country's pride was giv'n?—
 O'er the sick bed thy hand would rule
 With more than gentleness of love ;—
 The same calm brow within thy school
 Told whence it drew its aid—above,

Though stamp'd with all that Greece or Rome
 Could offer on an altar's home:—
 And who would dare the love control
 Of those who in thy learning bask'd?—
 One might as vainly bid the soul
 Go sell the freedom it had task'd
 Its human powers to win, or die
 While seeking immortality.—
 O could our grateful pray'r yet bring,
 Thy shades, lov'd Butler, from thy bow'rs
 What hymns each morning would we sing
 To pacify these souls of ours;—
 But no;—thy praise will ever be
 The pride of Britain's history.

XL.

Is it a dream, by poets feign'd,
 That where their dying hero stain'd
 The herbage with his patriot-blood,
 That from that turf, whereon he stood
 And fought and fell, thence will arise
 Wafting soft fragrance to the skies,
 Some new, some beauteous flow'r to tell
 In silent language, where he fell,
 In whispers to each tell-tale breeze,

Where sleeps a kindred spirit's fame,
 That the lone flow'r beneath yon trees
 Will one day kindle mem'ry's flame,
 And thus recall the hero's name?—
 Can this be fancy?—No—the soul
 That feels its God, through Christ, control
 The passions of its mortal mould,
 Will, as it breaks each mortal fold
 Enveloping its heav'nward flight,
 Still love its country, though too cold
 To be rekindled by its light ;—
 Still strive in virgin love to guard,
 A native star, its country's weal,—
 Still train its children to retard
 Those sins, preventing heav'n to seal
 With grace the faith it would reveal.—
 And what, though flow'r should not be there
 To meet Spring's song-birds in the air?—
 What, though the hero's bones may rest
 In 'scutcheon'd marble o'er his breast,
 Will grateful echo less awake
 The spirit-stirring pray'r, and break
 No silence of the peaceful dead?
 Where pil'd cathedral rears its head
 And tow'ring dome, and cloister'd aisles
 Rise georgious, whence her Alfred smiles

E'en from his grave, and seems to bless
 Those schools that from his ashes spring,
 That Winchester might thus address,
 And teach its country's youth to sing
 The freedom of religion's pow'r,
 Which Britain o'er the world might show'r.

XII.

Where in this modern world of ours
 Shall the crush'd spirit seek those pow'rs
 To call its people to the thought
 That life without a God is naught,
 Worse, worse than naught, a very flame
 That flickers, dies without a name,
 Worthless throughout, and still the same?
 Whence shall the spirit wing its flight
 Through clouds, that seem to gather might
 From German schoolmen's mystic waves,
 From Gaul, where scepticism raves?
 From every wind, from every world,
 Where treason, from its slime uncurl'd,
 Crawls its long length in eye of heav'n,
 And dares what cannot be forgiv'n?
 O where then can the spirit try
 To soar above expediency?—

It was not thus thy patriot zeal
 Bade thee, proud Athens, to reveal,
 At one man's bidding, all the glow
 Of sacred virtue, and forego
 The prize, that would thy pow'r set high
 O'er Sparta's boasted rivalry ;—
 But no ;—expediency blush'd
 And quail'd at virtue, and was hush'd.—
 —Vers'd in such classic lore, sublim'd
 By God's own will reveal'd, that shin'd
 Pure-ray'd and clear across the gloom
 That darkly mystified the tomb,
 And gave to the aspiring soul,
 That sought from heav'n some arm to save
 Free grace to aid, free will to roll
 Its future hope beyond the grave :—
 Thus taught, thus skill'd in wisdom's school,
 Thy youth has learn'd its pow'rs to rule
 Chastis'd by holy fear :
 Hence, Winchester, thy country owes
 To noble Wykeham, all that glows
 From out his hallow'd bier.

XIII.

What ! is the pale of England's Church
 So narrow'd, that one fain must search

Through the old archives of Rome's creed
 And pare down faith from Gospel's need
 To the dread breadth and depth and length
 Of Rome's cold canons?—This the strength
 Of *his* pure teaching, whom the breeze
 Off heathen Britain's stormy seas
 Bade to its people's pray'rs to bring
 Some aid to quench death's bitter sting,
 Who butcher'd midst Rome's proudest show
 Warn'd Christian Churches of the woe
 That Babel through the world might show?
 This were indeed the rule to tread
 Of fabled Procrustean bed:—
 And then is Britain ask'd whence she
 Draws Christ's religious liberty?
 —Go, seek it from the earliest age,
 —Go, seek it in the Bible's page
 Of God's own Church;—before the Word
 Of God reveal'd to man was heard,
 Teaching a world then unforgiv'n,
 How easy was the path to heav'n.—
 Thus to enquiring souls declare
 These are the records free and fair,
 Where Britain's Church her teaching draws,
 Her faith, her doctrine and her laws,—
 Then say not Roman Pontiff gave

Religion's blessing to this land,
 Say not, Augustine o'er the wave
 Brought Christian virtues in his hand ;—
 No,—for these happy isles had knelt
 In Christian Church, its graces felt
 For eras e'er Rome's church had sold
 Her chastity for this world's gold.
 Thence was that earliest faith confirm'd,
 And lighted at that source, it burn'd
 Holy and pure,—hence taught its tale
 To Britain's sons o'er hill and vale,
 And bade lov'd Erin's church be free
 From all her foul idolatry.—
 Thus Britain and lov'd Erin trace
 Their best traditions from the face
 Of Scripture's page, and Scripture's grace :—
 Nor was it, till fair science fled
 Her Britain's strand, that nature dead
 To pure religion's call became
 The slave of Roman oriflamme.—
 Founded on this broad Scripture-truth
 Britain had early taught her youth
 To scan man's faith in Christ proclaim'd
 The Saviour of a world, he deign'd
 To seek and save, not by a rule
 That should constrain each Christian school

To draw a limit round Christ's love,
 And stay salvation from above ;—
 No ;—she had taught that God's free grace
 Could largest faith of man embrace,
 Yct not exclude the least ;
 Hence crowded tho' her courts may be,
 Still is there room for every knee,
 At Christ's thrice blessed feast.

XIV.

Such was the teaching Britain gave,
 Whene'er of troublous times the wave,
 Baffling Rome's pow'r and priesthood's sway,
 From Britain call'd to other prey.
 —'Twas at such hour, thy mighty shade,
 Lov'd Alfred, sought the peaceful glade
 Of wisdom's stately tow'rs,
 And gazing on each fairy ring,
 Hover'd o'er bed of Britain's King
 Through night's lone silent hours ;—
 Urg'd him in duteous love to raise
 For his lov'd country's glorious praise
 Some holy pile, where Britain's youth
 Might learn the holy bond of truth
 From the pure Gospel's sacred page,

That fades not, swerves not with the age :—
 Hence down thy stream, 'mid flow'ry dales,
 Old Thames, thy Henry's glory sails
 On the soft prattle of thy wave,
 And tells whence Eton's schools can save
 Her country, e'en tho' treason rave :—
 Thus, Eton, while she owns thy care,
 And while she bids thee fondly share
 Her virtues, leading youth to heav'n,
 Thy country with a mother's love,
 Thy Henry's holy shade above
 Watch o'er the treasure to thee giv'n :—
 Though in the spirit of that throne
 And in its sunshine thou hast bask'd,
 Thou nought but gentleness hast shown,
 Though oft thy honor has been task'd.
 Nobly thou'st dared, what thou hast felt
 Was due to thy God-honour'd seat,
 And 'midst those triumphs Kings have dealt,
 Grateful hast cherish'd thy Waynfleete.—
 God speed thee, Eton, thy fair name
 All seas, all distant lands will bless,
 Religion to late ages' fame
 Will surely laud thy blessedness.—
 To thee, the Church of Britain trusts

Its surest, safest, proudest faith,
 To thee, amidst portentous bursts
 Of infidels, thy country saith,
 "Eton, to thee each mother gives
 "The pledge of all its holy love,—
 "Her fearful vengeance ever lives
 "To plead at God's dread throne above."

XV.

How horrible the thought in death
 Annihilation to descry,
 To think, that scarce shall fail the breath,
 The worms in foulest revelry
 Shall o'er the soul their gambols play,
 And feast,—there crawling end their day,
 Aye,—on the soul's humanity.—
 And can there live, and feel, and say,
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 That none gain immortality?—
 O God! from such unhallow'd thought,
 Let thy sole grace, with mercy fraught,
 Guard all our country's rising youth,
 And make them see and know this truth,—
 That all, thank God, shall die and see

Another world's eternity ;—
 But whether weal or woe shall be
 The sentence, that shall set us free
 From all this world's mortality,
 We know not, though the soul may dare
 To ask its God in holy pray'r,
 And trust it may be ransomed there.—
 Thus disciplin'd what soul will dread
 Sweet converse with the mighty dead ?—
 —Thus may'st thou, Venta, fondly boast
 Of thy proud destiny, and gaze
 Adown thy aisles upon a host
 Of antient kings, who lov'd to raise
 A gorgeous structure to the God
 Of that first British King, who trod
 His fatherland with Christian sigh,
 And bade it spurn idolatry.
 O, what a thrilling awe must grasp
 The soul, to let its fancy clasp
 Within its sight the very form
 Of old Kineglis, ere the storm
 Burst on his son from Danish might
 And plung'd his country into night ;—
 Mid such a scene, to feel the soul
 Hold sweet communion with the past,

And British annals to unrol
 Midst spectral monarchs crowding fast,
 Edreds there, and Kenulph's line,
 Edmund's shade, and Norman sign
 Of papal pow'r, half confess'd,
 With Rufus of the dauntless breast.—
 Such presence must the heart address,
 And teach it Christian humbleness.
 I reckon not, though there are who scoff
 Such humble synecrasy of thought,
 I would not from such scenes be off
 To Houris' heav'n with pleasure fraught :—
 —My fire is dim,—my time is sped,—
 Take it who will, I love the dead.

XVI.

On the broad tablets of the mind
 Could history no record find
 Of murd'rous war's religious hate,
 Where lurk'd oppression mask'd in state,
 But only catch one dismal glance
 Of a long void of ignorance ;
 It might be well to stay the pow'rs
 Of language, through such sick'ning hours :—

—Not such however is the truth
 Recorded on the mem'ry's youth :—
 Long æras pass'd in reckless sin
 Will shut out learning's form within;—
 The will of man, allow'd to stray
 But once from that God's charter'd way,
 To disobedience will attain ;—
 Then consciousness of guilt will train
 The mind to crimes of deeper dye,
 And raving dare eternity ;
 —Will mar God's image stamp'd on man
 Crush ev'ry virtue ere began ;—
 Will supersede each blessed grace,
 For faith proud bigotry replace ;
 Immortal hope must dread to die,
 And murd'rous torture even vie
 To call its orgies Charity.
 E'en thus man's disobedience brought
 Sin at the first with terrors fraught,
 Drown'd every spark of virtue's sense,
 And foul'd e'en Adam's innocence.
 Such horrors does th' historic page
 Record, when false religion's rage
 Withers the world, and mercy riv'n
 Hardens man's heart against his heav'n.—

Where then shall youthful ardour find
One ray to cheer its darksome flight?—
A world unblest'd by God must bind
For æras all in dismal night :—
All hope, all grace, all mercy fled,
O!—'twere a boon had heav'n said,
Thou world, for such a time, be dead.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO II.

I.

O, who shall stay the mind's discursive pow'r
When rests its earthly shell through midnight's hour;
When silent suns 'mid grandeur seem to roll,
And God's majestic worlds the heav'n's control?—
Say,—shall th' untrammell'd soul not seek the sky,
Where centre all its hopes?—not thither fly,
Whence sprung?—Say from yon glaring wreck,
Yawning with fiery death from every deck,—
Say, does yon mother's agonising shriek,
As wild she clasps her babe, not loudly speak,
E'en louder than the rush of tempest's roar,
Madd'ning the ocean's billows, as they soar
To sweep the clouds,—e'en louder than the crash
Of wreck still blazing, which its engines lash
With hideous fury through th' entombing wave,
Till hissing through the surge it finds a grave?—
Say, does that shriek not loudly speak of heav'n,
Not loudly hope through Christ its sins forgiv'n?—
Say, does that shriek not speak of all its love,
Its home on Britain's shore,—its home above?—
—Then give the soul its freedom;—let it breathe
Its native element, and fondly wreathe

Its own immortal crown, which heav'n will give,
If undefiled before its God it live.

E'en thus while resting through the watch of night
My fancy seem'd to wing its fondest flight,
And wand'ring o'er the earth, with sleep o'er cast,
It call'd up olden scenes from ages past,
E'en from that time, when mad oppression reign'd,
And fraud and violence her annals stain'd,
And rampant ignorance with iron heel
Crush'd every spark of virtue it could feel,
Gave up the soul divine to priesthood's state,
Till Papal Rome in thunders sealed her fate.—
—And then it upwards soar'd ;—till human eye
Its heav'n-ward flight no longer could descry,
And wand'ring free amidst those orbs of light
Joyous it seem'd to revel in the sight
Of that its home it long'd for :—Oh what bliss
Around my soul entranc'd in happiness
Now flitted ;—say, what priceless gems may buy
Such visions of heav'n's majesty ?—there die,
And serve the humblest duty of the sky ?—
—While thus 'mid scenes ecstatic on it soar'd
From bright to brighter glory, lov'd, ador'd
By myriad seraphs ;—softly o'er the flood
Of heav'n's immensity, methought, where stood
An Angel-choir, were wafted to my ear

The silver tones of trumpets, then a fear
 Spread o'er my troubled soul, lest found alone,
 Spy-like without a guide, before the throne
 It should be summon'd ;—but the trumpet's swell
 Pass'd onwards, as deep sleep upon me fell.

II.

The Trumpets' note had scarcely died,
 From off the top of Heav'n's high canopy,
 The music of the spheres full wide
 Peel'd forth in chords of holiest minstrelsy,
 As Sun to Sun blaz'd forth above
 The summons of Jehovah's love
 To all the myriads of his host,
 That, countless, to man's sight are lost ;—
 Those myriad worlds, which countless suns
 Warm daily into life and light,
 Where through the empyrean runs
 Eternal space, devoid of night ;—
 —Away, away ;—the echo past,
 Wafting around its choral harmony,
 Each happy world, as though the last,
 Pour'd forth the while its blessed chivalry :—
 There marshall'd on the heav'n-lit space
 That knew no time, nor bounds, nor place,

Under their own seraphic pow'rs,
 Legion on legion on their way
 Were wafted past those azure tow'rs,
 In one continued bright array,
 As though a never ending day
 Would never tell of closing hours :—
 Still onwards,—and the dizzy eye
 Relief from splendour sought in vain,
 Each host seemed brighter, as more nigh
 Its effluence felt the holier tie,
 That drew it to its source again :—
 Onwards and onwards swept there by
 Host upon host, still brighter gleaming,
 While from each choir a minstelsy
 Of silver lutes kept softly streaming ;
 Their's, not the flaunting sheen of war,
 Their's, not the crested eagle's plume,
 No rampant clarion gave the law
 To mailed hosts for **murd'**rous doom ;
 One single standard blaz'd above,
 Sure emblem of triumphant love ;—
 One single banner wav'd on high
 Its endless folds throughout the sky ;—
 Its one device proclaim'd the reign
 Of him, the Lamb, the Saviour slain,
 One God to all eternity.—

III.

O, hast thou, in the lonesome hour
 Of midnight's silence, felt the pow'r
 Of your Redeemer's love,
 When gazing, as the tidal wave
 Dash'd each third billow through the cave
 Of bounding rock above?
 Hast thou, at such an hour, e'er felt
 Thine own vile nothingness,—
 When peering o'er the moonlit deep,
 Or gazing upwards through the steep
 Of starlit gorgeousness?—
 Has thy cheek felt the thrilling tear
 Of conscience, clos'd for many a year
 Against the summons of thy God?—
 Hast thou through blessedness of grace,
 There on the wet beach found a place
 To kneel? hast thou there felt the rod
 Of chast'ning love, of patience giv'n,
 To save you for your promis'd heav'n?—
 Or hast thou, ere the Autumn's sun
 Has clos'd a gorgeous day,
 And seems, although his race be run,
 From man's ingratitude to run
 And hide his parting ray;—

Hast thou e'er listen'd to the tale,
 Amid a forest's deepest vale,
 Alone upon a Sabbath eve,
 When none but God was nigh?
 That tale of sin thy soul recalls,—
 By thee forgot within those walls,
 Where wealth and pride their meshes weave,
 That once so pleas'd thine eye?—
 Hast thou then commun'd with thy soul,
 As one red glance of sunset stole
 Away from its departing source,
 And as thine eye has mark'd its course
 Across the oaks, that grimly seem
 Upon thy conscience there to gleam,
 And summon you to pray'r?
 Hast thou then felt the sin of pride,
 Th' eternal doom that is allied
 To this world's fondest care?
 Thus summon'd, there, 'midst nature wild,
 There on the turf, as very child,
 Hast thou to God thy full heart bar'd,—
 Thy thoughts, thy hopes, thy conscience dar'd
 All, all to thy Redeemer's love
 To trust, and look to him above?—
 Hast thou felt this?— then come with me
 To muse on God's eternity.

IV.

Beyond the utmost verge of thought,
 Far higher, than the soul has caught
 Of dreaming fancy's wildest pow'r,
 E'en in its happiest, noblest hour ;—
 Above, still higher, e'en than this,
 From centre of immortal bliss,
 Which Angel's vision cannot reach,
 And human tongue in vain would teach ;—

There shone, amidst th' eternal blaze
 Of adamant's unclouded rays,
 The throne of him the First, the Last,
 One Holy, blessed Trinity,
 When all creation shall have past,
 And e'en eternity be cast

Back on its pristine dignity ;—
 Thence glow'd the living word of Truth,

Unchang'd, unchanging in its might,
 The same, that in primeval youth
 Call'd all creation into light,

Then bless'd, and gave it fresh and bright.—
 Around through all those arched aisles
 That no hand fashion'd, and where smiles
 The endless bloom of vernal hours,
 Arches, that reach'd the highest tow'rs,
 In lengthen'd massiveness there stood,

Deep seated in the depthless flood

Of worlds' stupendous masonry ;—
Column on column thro' mid-sky
In endless grandeur rose on high,

A scene of nature's majesty ;—
There in one length'ning close array,—
Deep as the sand, that skirts the bay
Bleach'd by the ocean's silent wave,
That foam, nor might of storm can lave,—
Unscath'd by hapless seaman's grave,—
Seraphs, and Bannerets, and Pow'rs

Each in their own allotted place,
Where sun on sun its brightness show'rs

Throughout one long unclouded race,
E'en to the confines of the day,
That, trackless in its living ray,
Grows brighter in its wider sway :—
—There marshall'd o'er creation's space,
Blissful in thought, in deed, in face,

More blissful as more nigh,
All waited with ecstatic joy,
Their Father's presence, to employ
Their soul in thrilling melody.

V.

It came ;—it fill'd the boundless range
Where all created Angels stood,

Bliss, joy, delight in rapid change
 Swept silent, like the swelling flood ;—
 As in the fulness of its love,
 And boundless as the space above,
 Each soul to soul responding thrill'd
 With rapture, that its bosom fill'd,
 Through sympathy of thought ;—
 Till past the limits of control,
 The tongue, responsive to the soul,
 Its holy fire caught ;—
 Then through 'mid heav'n's highest sphere,
 Was wafted to the list'ning ear.
 Th' angelic hymn of grateful praise
 To God the source of blessing :—
 And has each voice in swelling lays
 Told of its joyous thrilling,
 Choir on choir caught the sounds,
 Till through creation's farthest bounds
 This melody was ringing.

HYMN OF THE ANGELS.

O Father, let thy Spirit's holy love
 Touch now, as e'er, our lute's seraphic chord,
 To thee, and thine own Son our hymns above
 Thus shall we fondly raise with one accord :—

Semichorus first.

Hail, thou eternal source of life !

The first, the last creative Pow'r,
The same, that from Chaotic strife,
Thy worlds with teeming nature rife,
Call'dst forth to bless an Eden's bow'r.

Chorus. Thee, with choral hymns we bless,
Who dost life and light afford ;
Thee, our heav'nly choirs confess,
Mighty Father, gracious Lord.

In mercy, let not pride our souls enthrall,
Pride, that first led thy children to rebel ;
Still, teach our tongues that justice to recall,
That gave to us—a heav'n, to them—a hell.

Semichorus second.

Thus in one everlasting song
The Cherubim thy truth shall praise,
And Seraphim the hymn prolong ;
Armies of martyrs freed from wrong
Their Hallelujahs ever raise.

Chorus. Thee, creations, as they roll,
Nature teems with thee ador'd ;
Thee, thy suns and moons, extol,
Mighty Father, Gracious Lord.

And while to us such bliss by thee is giv'n,
 Let not our selfish thoughts obstruct thy care ;
 Make us to love thy holy work in heav'n,
 And thro' creation's range thy word to bear.

Semichorus first.

Thee, in the God-head we revere,
 Thy Son—though man's Redeemer giv'n,
 Who, to calm the sinner's tear,
 Rage, nor death, nor hell didst fear ;
 Thus our Judge, when worlds be riv'n.

Chorus. Thee, Sabaoth's Prince, all bless,
 Thee, all pious souls declare ;
 Thee, the mighty dead confess,
 Praise and magnify for e'er.

Thus, by thy love instructed, may we teach
 This truth to all thy worlds, wherever found,
 That at the dread account thy law shall reach,
 By mercy temper'd, all thy Son hath crown'd.

Semichorus second.

Thee, thy church in heav'n triumphing,
 Holy Spirit, doth implore ;
 Thee, not made, nor born, nor fleeting,
 But from thine own self proceeding,
 In the Godhead we adore.

Chorus. Thee, One God, all angels laud,
 For thy truth, and grace, and care ;
 Thee, all saints, through love ador'd,
 Praise and magnify for e'er.

VI:

Methought, before the blaze of light,
 Encircling, thro' heav'n's height,
 That centre, whence the Living Word
 Of Truth flam'd forth, whence God was heard,
 Transcendent, angels veil'd their face,
 As their hymn's echo died away,
 And a dread silence fill'd the space,
 Where late was wafted melody ;—
 And, as of adoration's joy
 All prostrate felt th' ecstatic bliss,
 Such single glance, without alloy,
 Of Him, tho' able to destroy,
 Repaid an age's watchfulness :—
 Then pass'd across the boundless scene
 A voice so sweet, it might have been
 That voice, that wak'd my earliest love,
 Sent on its mission from above ;—
 So clear the voice, one might have thought
 The echo of the spheres had caught
 The first creation's harmony ;—

So gentle too, it seem'd to bring
 Back from the silence of the dead
 A voice, a mother's voice, that led
 My earliest lisplings to the spring
 Of God's stupendous mystery.—
 And there, while thus entranc'd I lay
 In that apocalyptic sway
 Of each ecstatic vision's bliss,
 Still streaming from the holiness,
 That veil'd the holiest heav'n,
 The still small voice fell on my ear
 In sounds ineffable, through fear,
 And bliss, and love's ecstatic tear
 To man in mercy giv'n ;—
 I heard, methought, I saw, I felt,
 I know not what, I cannot tell,
 I veil'd my sight, I pray'd, I knelt,
 And vainly sought to burst the spell,
 That overwhelm'd my thrilling soul ;—
 The vision pass'd :—I seem'd to hear
 Those self-same lutes of silvery note,
 Now softly dying, as less near,
 As ev'ning-chimes o'er waters float,
 And mem'ry's thoughts control :—
 And of that bard, whom boyhood's play
 Had tir'd on fabled Vultur's steep,

Those doves of heav'n-born minstrelsy
 With fanning wings watch'd o'er his sleep,
 And as he slept, and dreamt, and saw
 Those visions of poetie fire,
 And, waking, own'd the mighty law,
 That bade his soul to heav'n aspire ;—
 E'en thus, ere yet the vision fled,
 A silent fanning o'er my head
 Seem'd all its holy calm to spread ;
 So gently binding was the pow'r
 That sway'd that one, that happy hour ;—
 And as my eyes now fondly sought
 Whereon to fix that vision's truth,—
 O God !—I see it now :—one thought,
 —My earliest thought of happy youth
 Came rushing back from mem'ry's store,
 As midst a flood of soften'd light,
 There stood my guardian angel bright,
 Still gazing on me as of yore,
 But calmer, lovelier, than before.—

VII.

Was it a dream ?—or did the mind,
 New waking, its fond vision find
 Embodied, that its fancy's pow'r,

E'en from its cradle's sunniest hour,
 Might, through its faith, both see, and prove
 The ministry of angels' love :—
 —Yes, even so ;—the same calm'd eye,
 Now spoke of more than pity's sigh
 For fallen man,—it told of soul
 Nigh breaking from the heart's control,
 In boundless love, that guardians share
 For those, that know no parent's care ;—
 But, O !—how holier e'en than this,
 When sent to win their souls to bliss :—
 —And there he stood, more sweetly beaming
 With radiant brow, and longing gaze,
 And as his love still purer gleaming,
 Told how he long'd from earth to raise
 Me, still entranc'd upon the earth,
 As though he'd grant a second birth ;—
 And ere my tongue the silence broke,
 In grateful sense of mercy giv'n,
 In sorrow's mildest tones he spoke,
 And thus affirm'd the will of heav'n.

THE ANGEL'S TALE.

“ It needeth not, I should relate
 “ What fearful doom did surely wait

“Those sins, from year to year untold,
 “Th’ Almighty had denounc’d of old
 “Unpardon’d, and through highest heav’n
 “Declar’d could never be forgiv’n.—
 “You know, too, at what price redeem’d
 “From olden sin and death, there seem’d
 “By him, the Very Son, the Word,
 “That call’d creation into light,
 “A way to life, before unheard,
 “New open’d to each mortal’s sight;
 “Where he might learn, and know, and feel,
 “And immortality reveal,
 “What glory should his labour seal.—
 “—But all seem’d vain :—I may not tell
 “The grief of heav’n, the joy of hell
 “O’er this world’s unrepenting state,
 “Thus daring impiously its fate :—
 “How through the silent lapse of time,
 “This world, deep stain’d with foulest crime
 “Would ne’er repent, though daily warn’d
 “By angels ;—nay,—it ever scorn’d
 “God’s prophets, of that holy band
 “Some it profan’d and dyed its strand
 “With blood of others ;—e’en as when,
 “O God ! thy pity spar’d the men,
 “Who dar’d thy vengeance, by a deed

"Of murd'rous rage against thy Son,
 "Who clos'd his life as it begun,
 "In victory, from torture won.—
 "Twere vain to tell how from that hour
 "The pow'rs of sin did ever lour
 "Upon the Christian's race, lest he
 "Should predestroy its destiny :—
 "Hence, heav'n permitting, all the guile
 "Of raving malice, with the smile
 "Of the old Serpent, has it plied
 "Through means by which it fell, its pride ;—
 "Nay,—all those schools, where Christian lore
 "Is gather'd from the mighty store,
 "That earliest martyrs ever penn'd
 "For youthful faith, that to the end
 "Allegiance to Christ might prove
 "The fountain, whence it drew its love ;—
 "Those schools—where childhood's pow'rs are train'd
 "For manhood's greatness, pride constrain'd
 "To meekness, all in foulest spite
 "Has sin defil'd, obscur'd the light
 "Of God reveal'd in truth, and smil'd
 "With gloating eyes, and visage wild
 "With horrid joy, whene'er it taught
 "The teacher to believe, and brought

“ Their youth from truthfulness to part,

“ And deem a lie the nobler art.”

Scarce could my guardian angel's voice

In falt'ring accents tell its tale,

How o'er its charge would sin rejoice,

And death and sorrow never fail

To cause each soul its God to shun,

And feel the woe itself had done.

Methought, while on his words I hung,

Broken by grief, by conscience stung,

An awful silence wrapp'd my soul,

Bewilder'd past the tongue's control,

That shew'd the sinning man :—

I seem'd among the icy dead,

As my lov'd guardian veil'd his head,

At presence none dar'd scan ;

Then flam'd from off Jehovah's throne

The dreadful sentence, “ Shall alone

“ We--the One God—not vengeance bring

“ On crime thus fearful?—Shall one speck—

“ —One senseless speck its poison fling

“ On all our boundless worlds, that deck

“ Our infinite creation's space,

“—Of justice outrage every grace,

“ And leave for mercy not a place ?”

My soul with horror seem'd to chill,
 As the dread silence pass'd away,
 Vainly I thought by pray'r to fill
 The gulph of endless agony ;—
 But my lov'd guardian stay'd my tongue
 As o'er eternity it hung ;—
 While through the endless space of light,
 A voice of music, tun'd by love,
 Mov'd o'er each world, that shone more bright,
 While thus the vengeance from above
 To calm through mercy's pray'r it strove ;—
 Thus then, methought, I heard the Son
 Call back the Father's love ;—and won
 Some respite for our world of sin ;—
 That show'd how fiercely burnt within
 Those pure emotions of the soul,
 That no worlds give—no worlds control :—
 Thus, did that Saviour intercede
 Fulfill'd his promise and our need,
 And stay'd the fatal axe's deed.—

 All now had pass'd away ;—no sound
 Was wafted from the vastness round ;—
 And naught was seen but endless space
 Still spreading upwards ;—then the face
 Of my kind angel faintly smil'd,
 With eye now beaming for the sake

Of hope, that saw through terror's wild,
 And thus the silence seem'd to break.
 " Oh ! how I shudder to relate
 " The sequel, that will seal your fate :—
 " But it must be ;—hear then the rest,
 " Ere to the bow'rs of the blest
 " I wing my last, my sorrowing way,
 " Ne'er to revisit, as my care,
 " This world abandon'd to the sway
 " Of the lost angels, for their prey ;—
 " So dreadful to th' Almighty's love
 " Is sin, such terrors does it move :—
 " —Five eras hence must pass, and bring
 " Woe, such as ne'er was known before,
 " And gilded heathenism spring,
 " And all its foulest craft restore ;
 " Wide o'er the world its darkness fling,
 " Till its own chains it does adore :—
 " Such guile shall that old serpent try
 " To make the world believe its lie,
 " Till time shall compass prophecy.—
 " Still is there hope, still o'er the world
 " The flag of truth shall be unfurl'd,
 " And the great lie it once believ'd
 " As its lov'd nestling, undeceiv'd
 " By its foul offspring, yet shall break

“ Its mental fetters :—then the stake
 “ And blazing fagot, and the rack,
 “ Glutted with tortur’d blood, shall track
 “ Through foulest dungeon to the grave
 “ All, who th’ Apostate Church will brave,
 “ And welcome death their souls to save :—
 “ Then shall those schools, so long bereav’d
 “ Of Christian light, at length retriev’d
 “ From hideous darkness, burst the spell
 “ That made them worse than infidel,
 “ And bend, ’midst tort’ring fire, the knee
 “ To Christ, who gave them liberty:
 “ Now learn how fiendish is the guile,
 “ That will not brook the lightest smile
 “ Of truth’s progressive pow’r to bring
 “ Its earliest incense, from the spring
 “ Of youth’s confiding love ;
 “ Hence will those fiends their poison breathe
 “ Into its vitals, till it wreathe
 “ The chaplet for its future woe
 “ With gloomy cypress, and forego
 “ Its hopes in Christ above :—
 “ —Hence will their hearts be train’d to crush
 “ All Gospel freedom, hence they’ll rush,
 “ Like Harpies, to the loves of home
 “ And bear them off to foulest doom :—

“ —Hence, too, they’ll seek to blind the sight
 “ Of every nation, by a light,
 “ That like the phantom of the moor
 “ Leads but to ruin, hence will lure
 “ Man’s holiest hopes, his children sell
 “ To sin through the confessional,
 “ And teach through this, their bloodiest rod,
 “ Man’s only trust to find his God :—
 “ Nay they will build, and found, and bless,
 “ Endow too, that the nothingness
 “ Of all their show may be conceal’d,
 “ Schools, Grammar-Schools, where will be seal’d
 “ The fate, that blinds each virtue’s glance,
 “ The doom, that waits on ignorance.—
 “ Mercy, they know not, cannot feel
 “ Those charities, that would reveal
 “ Peace, joy, long-suffering through wrong,
 “ Meekness of spirit, freedom strong
 “ In virtue’s truth, that cannot lie,
 “ That dares not sin, but dares to die,
 “ To rescue Christian liberty.—
 “ Once angels, demons now,—for lost
 “ To blessing, hopeless are they toss’d
 “ Upon the damning waves of pride,
 “ Pride,—that to treason is allied,
 “ Pride—that once urg’d them to defy

"The bliss of immortality.—
 "And as they may not now regain,
 "Through deep contrition's harrowing pain,
 "What they have lost,—they live—they curse—
 "All that the Saviour's zeal has stamp'd,
 "And what is vile they render worse,
 "That all in ruin may be swamp'd.
 "Yet from this guilt God's Church will soar
 "Free, as the phœnix in its pride,
 "And deck'd in bridal-fire adore
 "Her bridegroom walking by her side ;—
 "And schools and learning's bow'rs arise,
 "Beaming with radiance to the skies,
 "Till time and space shall be no more.—
 "No more ;—I must away ;—the dawn
 "Of twilight chides the tardy morn ;—
 "I must away ;—yet hear me,—still
 "The night is loit'ring on the hill ;—
 "Pray'r, humble pray'r and faith will save
 "A world,— will teach it hell to brave,—
 "And Christ will give the strength he gave.
 "And now farewell :—I pass away
 "Back to the mansions of the blest,
 "Whilst thou, poor child of earth, must stay,
 "And I must cease to watch thy rest :—
 "O world ! O wretched world ! to be

“ Godless, as wreck on moonless sea,
 “ Unblest e’en to posterity.”

—He ceas’d, it was, methought, to pause
 Awhile, and weep—but no—the laws
 Of heav’n forbade—he came to fill
 The high commission of God’s will :—
 To warn the world of certain woe,
 The penalty of sins below :—
 I started ; he had pass’d—yet now
 One burning spot upon my brow
 Still summons me to morning pray’r,
 As tho’ I felt his presence there,
 Still warns me on each stilly eve,
 By pray’r, God’s mercy to believe,
 Through faith, God’s blessing to receive.



VII.—VIII

A period of five eras, ages of ignorance,
sin and misery.



IX.

—Time had unveil'd God's will, the source
Of man's sole blessing, though its course
Through ages had wrought deepest woe,
That dares not in its grief forego,
Despite of hope and faith to bless,
'The dread of endless nothingness :—
So fearful is the mind, bereft

Of revelation's light, and left
 To scan the fathomless abyss,
 Beyond the tomb's foul loneliness :—
 Thrice steep'd in mercy's boundless love,
 Is heav'n's vengeance, should it save
 One guilty world from wrath above,
 Denounc'd for e'er beyond the grave—
 If once surrender'd to the rule
 Of vaunted reason's selfish school :—
 —'Twas thus—when reason stood dismay'd
 As its own image, there pourtray'd,
 In the false mirror Rome had forg'd,
 Till e'en the world itself was gorg'd
 With its own folly's hideous sin :—
 One glance of truth flash'd o'er the scene—
 God gave his witness what had been—
 A Christian's liberty within.
 —Hence, vainly did thy royal will
 Seek thine own purpose to fulfil,
 Like Saul, its fancied pow'r :
 God's mercy over-rul'd alone,
 God stay'd thee, Henry, on thy throne,
 E'en in thy wildest hour :—
 Bewilder'd by religion's light,
 Madden'd by craven Rome, to fight
 For liberty, thou could'st not prize,

Chafing on every side through ire,
 Thou hurl'dst the brand upon the pyre,
 Rome bade its flame arise.
 —But all was vain—God's effluent might
 Had call'd a Cranmer to the fight ;
 A fight, that ages past had striv'n,
 When first a Wickliffe's soul was giv'n
 To rescue Britain's crown :—
 Rome, saw the lion rous'd from sleep.
 Rome, heard the threat'ning thunder sweep
 Her oriflamme to drown ;
 From that dread hour she knew her doom :—
 God's word would clear th' enshrouding gloom,
 That had consign'd her to the tomb.—
 Thus, by God's grace constrain'd, you dar'd
 A strife, you reck'd not how, nor why ;
 No—not for Christendom you car'd,
 Henry, you heard, nor grief, nor sigh ;—
 Your hopes no mother's love could train
 To deem another's woe your pain :—
 But, urg'd by princely show and pride,
 From Rome's own coffers you supplied
 To thy broad acres, whence should spring,
 Fair Durham, all that faith might bring,
 Those noble Grammar Schools, whence she,
 Lowly on earth, though bright above,

Might open to her country, free
 From the dark fetters Rome had riv'n,
 And bear, as tribute of her love,
 That youthful band she'd train'd for heav'n :
 —O ! thou didst humble Rome :—thy will
 Unmask'd her filthiness of soul—
 Fawning, she bade thee drink thy fill,
 And thus thy people to control :—
 But no :—thy British blood disdain'd
 Such treason with pollution stain'd :—
 —And what, tho' a protesting world
 Had mail'd its hosts of warrior men—
 And Rome assail'd the truth unfurl'd,
 Firmly, they clos'd their ranks again :
 They reck'd not death, they spurn'd to fly,
 Arm'd in religion's panoply :—
 Thus, from the spoils of gorged Rome,
 Thy Cromwell rear'd a holier pow'r,
 And Cranmer bade a nobler dome
 Grace his lov'd Britain's christian bow'r,
 And London saw her merchants' care,
 In one united holy band,
 Their Grammar Schools in holy pray'r
 Endow throughout their free-born land :—
 So priceless, joyous, was the light,
 That broke the Papal pow'r—the Papal might.

X.

Above the grandeur of the storm,
Wreathing its might in dizzy form
 Upon the swelt'ring vale below,
Hast thou from Alpine glacier-crag
Where the brain falters, and would drag
 From hideous death, midst wildest sky
 Bewild'ring every hope to save
 Off th' edg'd chasm of the grave,
 The firmest step, and steadiest eye
Of hunter, who its wrath would brave,
 Nor thus, his prey forego?—
Hast thou the black'ning tempest seen
To rive the giant rocks, between
 The light'ning's wildest blaze;
And as the heavens outpour'd their might,
And avalanche's rushing night
 O'erwhelm'd their silent gaze?—
There, hast thou felt thy senseless boast,
 That thou could'st stem the whirlwind's pow'r,
And ere the heaven's gathering host
 Had crush'd thee in thy sinful hour?
There, 'midst the crash of nature's strife,
Hast thou been taught who holds thy life;—
 Fore'd, too, to own, its fury past,

How God in mercy rules the blast,
 And makes each beauteous scene to last?—
 Thus school'd thou canst discern what fears,
 What hopes, amid her silent tears,
 Made thy lov'd country's pray'rs to heav'n
 United rise, for sins forgiv'n :
 —When nodding plumes o'er Henry's bier
 Told the last tale of his career
 And gave to Britain's sacred vow,
 Stamp'd on her Edward's youthful brow,
 The firmness of his sire:
 Vainly, did Rome's seductive skill
 Entwine new charms his soul to fill
 And kindle new desire;
 His virtue's pow'r a Crammer train'd
 To nobler views, through freedom gain'd
 At pure religion's fire.
 In years—a youth, in mind—a man,
 Well vers'd in freedom's cause to scan,
 That the sure bulwarks of his throne
 Were hearts, that dar'd religion own,
 Religion pure—untrammell'd—free—
 Bas'd on the Gospel's liberty :
 —Hence through his Britain's hills and glens
 He bade his Grammar Schools arise,
 From Scotlaud's wilds, o'er Lincoln's fens

One cheering summons rent the skies,
 Wales caught the note off Cornwall's lea,
 And echoed, "Grammar Schools be free."

XI.

Time was ;—one sat on Israel's throne,
 A youthful prince, who dar'd disown
 His country's fell idolatry ;
 Upheld, through faith in God's command,
 Humbly he brav'd the priestly band
 Of Baal 'midst its revelry ;—
 And God's pure Word shone forth anew,
 As sunbeam off the morning dew
 Gladden'd the wave-beleaguer'd Noah,
 Renew'd his faith, sore-tried before,
 And did a punish'd world restore.
 —E'en so, our Edward's boyish age
 Glows brighter on the truthful page
 Of Britain's hope, and Britain's care,
 Protesting still in holy pray'r
 Against that false, that Godless pride,
 That deems all Christendom beside,
 Deep sunk in foulest heresy :—
 And should not Britain's sons be taught,
 How God by very childhood's thought

Has foul'd such priestly knavery?—
 O! then those err not, should such deem
 That Edward, with prophetic eye
 To one lov'd * Grammar School, should seem
 To cling with holier, fonder tie :
 That o'er this school his mind should scan,
 Where nature revel'd in her pride,
 Time would to Britain give a man,
 In his own faith who should preside—
 Should give—a Paley—sire and son,
 To teach religion's truths with might;
 Mid Yorkshire's glens their course should run,
 Training her sons for heav'nly light,
 And lead a world from heathen night.
 Shade of our Edward!—who shall dare
 Thy love in glowing praise declare,
 Thy life to thy dear country giv'n,
 Thy soul, thy faith, thy hope to heav'n?—
 There, there it brightens; to that home
 Through the brief space of its career
 On earth, it longing lov'd to roam,
 And kiss'd the prospect of its bier:—
 God call'd thee hence at early hour,
 Thy work was done, ere death did lour:—
 Yet still thou liv'st, e'en like the rose,

* Giggleswick, Yorkshire.

That blooms and passes off, yet throws
 Its fragrance round its bow'r,
 Nor will that fragrance cease, till Spring
 Shall in its earliest bosom bring
 Fresh beauty to its flow'r :—
 E'en thus, to trace kind nature's gift ;
 Thy Grammar Schools would fondly lift
 Their grateful strains of love, to praise
 Thy bounteous behest ;
 Yes, hallowed shade ! thy Britain owns
 The blessedness, that ever crowns
 The tomb, where thou dost rest.

CANTO III

I.

At length, the twilight set behind the steeps,
Where sea-girt Britain in her grandeur sleeps,
While on the shore, the sullen wave alone
Was heard responding to the deeper moan
Of ocean's troubled spirits, as they wept
O'er their lov'd island's sorrows, that still swept
Those homes, once happy, now oppress'd with shame
And outrage, kindled at an altar's flame.—
Tho' pass'd the twilight, yet the restless mind,
Wearied with daily toil, no sleep could find,
But, like the hideous phantom of the brain,
Brooded with noisome wing o'er earth and main :—
While the foul air, close pack'd, with fiery breath
Fell, like the harbinger of stifling death :—
The dogs in piteous howlings sought to gain
Some passing respite from th' oppressing pain,
But howl'd in vain ;—no, not a sighing breeze
Whisper'd its coming through the mountain trees
While murky vapours floating o'er the sky

Made darkness felt, like Egypt's misery.
 But—see! did lightning flash across the gleam,
 Where blends th' horizon with the ocean's stream?—
 Or did some meteor glare amid the scene
 To fright its nations with portentous mein?—
 No; 'mid yon glooming, which the distance shrouds,
 One ray of sunset through the western clouds
 Shot wildly red, and as it mark'd the sky,
 Of coming tempest warn'd with angry sigh,
 Warn'd the late fisher seek the nearest bay,
 Where, shelter'd, he might wait the morrow's day;—
 While to his anxious ear the hideous swell,
 And deep-mouth'd tolling of the nocturn bell,
 Booming from out the convent's gloomy tow'r,
 Told the dread presence of the midnight's hour.—
 And could there none be found, for Britain's weal,
 At that lone hour, through faithful pray'r, to seal
 The Saviour's promis'd blessing?—none awake
 To watch o'er Britain's slumbers?—none to break
 The silence, and to pour their inmost soul
 To God, whose will alone the storms control?—
 —Say, can a mother's love forget her child
 She bore, and nurs'd, and train'd 'gainst dangers wild?—
 No—she does not forget;—her every pray'r
 To heav'n seems wafted only for his care:—
 Nor could fair Granta in such hour rest,

That holy mother, who had drain'd her breast
 To nurse her Ridley's mind the fire to brave,
 And Latimer to share the martyr's grave :—
 To teach her Cranmer's soul, 'midst fagot's blaze,
 Reckless of seething blood, his God to praise.—
 Mourning, in secret, their fond mother's pray'r
 Was heard in silent whispers through the air,
 To hope through faith in Christ their sins forgiv'n,
 And see 'midst fearful death their bliss in heav'n.
 Nor could lov'd Oxford, now oppress'd with shame
 To hear her charter'd liberty proclaim
 Death to the freedom, that her Alfred gave,
 Stay the deep grief, that crush'd her to the grave :—
 —So fiendish is the law of papal Rome,
 That stifles every virtue of man's home,
 That will nor age nor sex from torture spare,
 But make e'en sister's hand a sister's death prepare.

II.

The fisher peer'd o'er the dark'ling sea,
 As sullenly roll'd each wave on the lea ;
 No star above with its twinkling ray
 Broke the swelt'ring gloom of that dismal bay,
 But hideous silence alone reign'd there,
 A silence, that seem'd the gasp of despair :—

—And a shiv'ring crept o'er his aged form,
 As he moor'd his skiff for the bursting storm ;
 " God's vengeance will out," from the old man's pray'r,
 Was drown'd in the crash from the blazing air :—
 " God's vengeance will out," was the old man's cry,
 As the lightning's glare bewilder'd the sky.—
 "—'Tis a night that would cause e'en a fiend to quake,
 " Though he rode on the storm for murder's sake :—
 " O God ! let thy vengeance spare Britain's home,
 " And temper, with merey, thy woes for Rome."

Hast thou, at the onslaught of 'leaguer'd men,
 Heard the wild hurra, as it burst again
 From the frowning tow'r, where death must meet
 Each foeman's step up th' embattled steep ?—
 Hast thou, as a thousand canons rent
 The heavens, on fire from stormers sent,
 Heard the bursting mine's volcanic breath,
 As blazing it smother'd each foeman's death,
 And hurling its fire and storm from fosse,
 Seen Britain's flag wave o'er the won Badajoz ?—

E'en so, tho' more fearful, athwart the wild sea
 Glar'd the storm's lurid horrors, by lightning set free
 In its cross dizzy track, as each deaf'ning peal
 Drown'd the havoc, a fiery sky would reveal :—
 In vain the bold headland shook off the wild spray,
 That tow'ring in grandeur, majestic in play,

Dash'd roaring amidst each deep-cavern'd recess.
 Till it left it uprooted a wrecker's abyss.—
 Again the storm rush'd with its scathing affray,
 Not a lull for a moment its fury could stay.
 With horror before, and with havoc behind,
 It burst, a tornado, no pow'r could bind.—
 In vain those gnarl'd oaks, that had brav'd the wild blast
 On thy banks, lov'd Isis, for centuries past,
 'Mid crashing confusion still rear'd their bold head,—
 —God will'd it—they bow'd—and were pass'd to the dead.
 And down those fair shores, where lov'd science had been,
 A wild waste of waters disfigur'd each scene :—
 Thy beauteous banks labour'd long to restrain
 The torrent now madden'd by wind, and by rain.
 Till lash'd into fury, a broad driving sea
 Burst forth, as the heav'ns glar'd red o'er the lea.
 One shriek rent the sky, e'en above the wild wave,
 One shriek, but of thousands engulph'd in one grave,
 That told the dread tale of no pow'r to save.—

III.

The deep-mouth'd bell of Christ's-Church tow'r
 Had broke the gloom of matin's hour,
 And sullen cowl of mitred head
 To Roman mummeries had sped,

As though 'twould offer pray'r :—
 But pray'r belongs not to the soul,
 That naught but self-will can control,
 Its vengeance not forbear :—
 Kneel, though it may, on marble stone,
 And patter pray'rs ;—'tis God alone
 That sees and knows the secret mind,
 Scatters its falseness to the wind,
 And gives a blank no grace can find :—
 —In vain the lengthen'd hour of prime
 Had pass'd from gloom to morning's time—
 In vain were Pater-Nosters strung,
 Ave-Marias vainly sung,
 And organ's swell, to pray'r allied,
 Had vainly all its efforts tried,
 To raise the soul to heav'n :—
 That blessed grace, through Jesu felt,
 Spurn'd each prond prelate, where he knelt,
 Told each bar'd conscience, that its God,
 Whose love into the dust it trod,
 From mercy it had riv'n :—
 For who shall impiously defame
 A Christian Churchman's sacred name,
 And brand with infamy his Creed,
 Because, through Christ alone its need
 Of so'veign grace, through every deed,

It seeks from God, and spurns to own
 A Church, the Bible does disown—
 How can the conscience of that man,
 Who dares by writhing torture scan
 A brother's hope of sins forgiv'n,
 And hurl to fiery death—and heav'n—
 —How can such conscience seared be
 Against its trait'rous infamy?
 —Tell me not, error is the light
 That points his path, and clouds his sight :
 'Tis false ;—the Bible says not so :—
 —But, who God's talents will forego,
 Shall, like that Pharaoh, who would sell
 Both souls and bodies into hell,
 Of God's own people, shall too late
 Repent, when death has seal'd his fate :—
 But should you dare, in heathen lands
 Where tort'ring death religion brands,
 Tell me, that yon grim savage slave
 Looks for his heav'n beyond the grave,
 Though stain'd by children's blood :—
 I can believe, God's love will scan
 The ignorance of that wretched man,
 And save through mercy's flood.—
 —But do not tell me that the soul,
 That wilfully spurns God's control,

Can dare a single glance of thought
 To harbour in its breast, that aught,
 It dares to do, will e'er receive
 A peaceful conscience, or retrieve
 That hope, he once might have, that he
 Would gain heav'n's immortality?—
 But no:—God's birthright he has sold,
 Barter'd his conscience for his gold,

Self-will'd he roams a slave—
 A slave to that foul harlot's call,
 Doom'd by God's promises to fall,
 Self-tortur'd to his grave.—

IV.

O'er a drear scene of wat'ry waste
 The morning broke, in ling'ring haste,
 Its desolation to reveal,
 To madden'd prelate's wildest zeal,
 That hearts to murd'rous deeds would steel:—
 But hark?—was that a passing knell,

That boom'd from out yon gloomy tow'r;
 Or did a muffled death-like bell

Break the dread horror of the hour?
 Again its note upon my ear,
 Falls chilling as the winter's blast;

My life's-blood curdles, and a fear

With shudd'ring o'er my soul is cast :--
 That deadly tone proclaims full loud,
 Rome gloating in her vengeance proud,
 That nature in her gloom would shroud :
 —But now Rome triumphs :—'tis her day
 Of murd'rous vengeance ; none may stay
 The fiat of Jehovah's will,
 That knows no change or tide, until
 Man's disobedience shall fear
 Its own self-will, and God revere.—

For time had well nigh sped its course
 Of sin, self-righteous, self-condemn'd,
 And Christianity's pure source

Was clearing out its springs, late stemm'd
 By noisome filth of Papal Rome,
 That foul'd the very soul of home.—

Yet now, e'en through th' horizon's gloom,
 That mark'd the pathway to the tomb,

A beam from that pure day-spring's light,
 Cheering our martyrs to the fight,

Forewarn'd the close of Papal night.

But not alone on Britain's shore
 God's martyr'd saints the torture bore,
 By Rome inflicted :—mark the page,
 Blacken'd with persecution's rage,

Against those sainted souls of France,
 Who dar'd, despite of Roman lance,
 To wield their Bibles :—who shall tell
 How Germany and Spain did swell
 The Reformation's mighty wave?—
 How nobly Switzerland did save
 The exil'd of the world?
 How Italy herself did brave
 The Roman Pontiff to the grave,
 And Jesu's truth unfurl'd?—

V.

The dungeons of Bocardo's tow'r
 Were open'd at th' appointed hour,
 For holy Inquisition's train,
 (Holy indeed, where devils reign,
 And cowls, and hoods, and mitred priests,
 Fell harbingers of saintly feasts,
 With crucifix and beads in hand
 March'd slowly forth, a ghastly band,
 Protected on their murd'rous way
 By halberdiers in close array.—
 There, fronting Baliol's College-green,
 Friars and Eremites were seen,
 A motley throng, with eyes of guile,
 Guile, such as Satan in a smile
 Grins horribly, yet sighs the while :—

The Martyrs' Pyre.

There in their shrouds those martyrs stood,
 Their grey hairs waving in the air,
 Through faith they gave to Christ their blood
 In one united solemn pray'r,
 Though bound to stake by iron chain
 Religion's freedom to regain.

They fir'd the pile, they stirr'd the flame,
 With malice mark'd by saintly show,
 And, while they offer'd safety's fame,
 Fear'd, lest their vengeance should forego
 Its glutting in those tortur'd men,
 Who dar'd Rome's infamy to stem.—

Again they heap'd the blazing fire,
 To wring thro' agonizing pain
 Some feint contrition of desire
 From souls, they dar'd not meet again;
 But no :—the stern rebuke was still,
 “God will not tempt above his will.”—

Wildly the fagot's blaze was wrapt
 Around those aged English brows,
 Vain did those prowling monks adapt
 Soft words of sorrow to their woes ;

Yet still they heard, "Avaunt, ye crew !—
We pray to God through Christ for you."

Madden'd, they stirr'd the smould'ring blaze,
Till their swoln bodies grasp'd their chains,
And while each shrinking limb would raise
Through writhing sinews' dreadful pains
Its blacken'd remnants ;—still they hear
Our Latimer his brother cheer.—

"Cheer, brother Ridley, cheer ! we've lit
"A brand, that never will expire,
"No pow'r of Antichrist shall sit
"In judgment o'er our country's fire,
"The fire of Gospel's liberty,—
Cheer then ! our country will be free."

Man could no more :—God's will be done :—
Rome's idols they had scorn'd in death,
One race together had they run,
Together had resign'd their breath :—
One wreath of smoke had told in heav'n
How for their country's weal in pray'r they'd striv'n.

VI.

Think you, tis idle to believe,
That pray'r of holy men receive

Such full accomplishment from heav'n
 Commensurate with sin forgiv'n,
 As faith is justified to ask

Of Christ, who promis'd to befriend,
 And, when he set the gentle task,

Assur'd his spirit to the end?—
 Think'st thou, those martyrs' ashes tell
 No tale to warn, how wild, how fell,
 Is stern oppression's chain, when she
 Is guis'd in priesthood's mockery?—
 Not so:—that pray'r, from out the grave,
 Still bids her sons religion save

From Rome's portentous mien;
 Nor do those ashes plead in vain,
 One still firm voice is heard amain,

“Our Bible and our Queen:”—
 Nay;—from those glaring fires arose
 A voice, amidst his biting woes,
 Bidding his country never cease
 To rear, endow, protect, increase
 Its Grammar-Schools throughout the land,
 Bulwarks of pow'r against the hand,
 That would with infamy's dire brand
 Our Bible burn, God's help withstand
 —Hence, Lady Cooke, thy widow'd soul
 Bow'd humbly to thy God's control

Through Ridley's mighty pray'r,
 In faith thou rear'dst that Grammar-School
 And call'dst thy Gloucester's christian rule

Thy noble work to share.

Brief months had pass'd,—another pile
 Was blazing fierce through Jesuit guile,
 And Cranmer on the self same spot,
 That Rome might never be forgot,
 Gave to his God the soul he'd giv'n,
 And through a fiery grave sought heav'n :
 And smoke ascending told the tale
 Of Britain's woes to every gale,

That swept each ocean-wave :—

—It is not surely past belief

To think how deep was angels' grief,

How great their love to save,

To save—a world oppress'd with shame,
 Struggling, through blood, for freedom's fame,
 Struggling, religion to set free
 From Papal Rome's idolatry?—

O then—it is not past belief

To speak of angels' love and grief :—

But time had wing'd its flight, and now
 Death sat upon the regal brow

Of Britain's hapless Queen ;

Through years of woe her life had sped,

She rests amid the mighty dead,—
Her virtues God has seen.

VII.

Hast thou e'er felt the mind's recoil,
When worn by sickness, crush'd by toil,
It seems again to breathe awhile,
And see through lengthen'd vista's smile
Its distant glimmering of hope,

Well nigh extinguish'd by the blast,
That adverse baffles it to cope

Against the die, it thought, was cast :—
And yet, when all seem'd dread and drear,

God show'd the path—and all was clear.

E'en thus his Britain seem'd to stay
Its breath, through Edward's happy sway,
Till, bow'd through wretchedness, to feel
No respite, from the fiery zeal

Of his successor, it forebore

All hope in freedom to adore,

And, through its Saviour, God implore :—

So dark, so dismal was the gloom,

That shrouded ev'ry martyr's tomb.—

But as in days of sore distress,

Through Jewish King's idolatry,

Elijah rov'd the sole witness

Of God's own Church's purity.—

E'en thus was heard o'er Britain's strand

The soul-drawn strain of holy pray'r,
The pray'r of few, a faithful band,

That watchful felt 'twas theirs to dare
The wildest torture Rome could bring,
To choke religion's vital spring,—
Daring they fought their fight and fell,—
Rome through the gloaming heard its knell,

God's truth had pierc'd its night;
The mind unfetter'd seem'd to wake
From a long dreadful dream, and take

Fresh courage from the light.—
One shout broke through the morning's grey,—
Echo, o'er hill and dale away,

Responded—"Britain's free :"—
The notes caught up by ev'ry breeze,
Wafted the tale across the seas

Of Christian liberty :—
So bright so glorious a morn
Burst on the Reformation's dawn.

VIII.

O might I on poetic wing
Soar in the vision of that bard,

Whom, roaming 'midst its fairy ring,

His own sweet lyre did fondly guard :—
Borne on that wing, how would my soul

With Moore's lov'd spirit seek to rove,
Where wildly o'er thy breakers roll,

Dear Erin, all the heart can love :—
Free wast thou once, and pure, and bright,
Ere o'er thee fell the gloom of night,
The gloom of ignorance and sin,
That handmaid of the thoughts within,
That wrung such agonizing ery,
As neither wave could stay, nor sky.—

'Twas dead of night, th' alarum peal'd—

“Up to the rescue,”—“freedom's seal'd

“For thine own sister, Erin's isle,

“On her too will the Spirit smile ;—

“And time is on the wing, when she

“Shall break her shackles, and be free,

“Free from Rome's galling tyranny :”—

'Twas dead of night, yet Britain's Queen,

From out the silence of her tow'r

In secret pray'r across the scene,

Was heard her full heart's vows to show'r,

And Erin's cry from off the waste

Of pillow'd ocean, bade her haste

To free that beauteous gem,

Sleep fled at that appalling cry,
 God's grace assur'd its presence nigh,
 That misery to stem :—
 It pass'd ;—the will of heav'n was known,
 And Britain's Queen on bended knee
 Again in pray'r sought heav'n's throne,
 To bless the precious seed thus sown,
 And cause her Erin so be free.—
 And now th' horizon's dew-lit grey
 Greeted with holy kiss of love
 The spangles of the blushing day,
 That thus their orisons above
 They might conjointly pour to heav'n,
 The safeguard of a world forgiv'n :
 When at the earliest matin's bell
 Forth bounded England's caravel ;—
 A flag of peace wav'd o'er her sails
 Wafted by vows of Britain's Queen ;—
 “ Haste, haste,” she cried, “ no spirit quails,—
 “ God speeds your mission to that scene,
 “ My beauteous Erin shall be free,
 “ Free of her sister's liberty.”—

The Mission-bark.

On sped the heav'n-sent bark its flight
 Through the rippling curl it lov'd to raise,
 And seem'd as the Mariner's hymn rose light,
 To join in its choir of earthly praise ;

And the sea-birds floated, mid sun-lit spray,
To catch the chant ere it died away.—

Still onwards it urg'd its westward course,
The track its first mission-teacher show'd,
And the pray'rs of England were now the source,
That swell'd the sails o'er the wave that glow'd,
For ever does heartfelt honest pray'r
Feel the Spirit's aid it has summon'd there.—

And day was waning, yet onwards still,
The trusty bark on its mission flew,
For the breeze of blessing its sails did fill,
And the mirror'd ocean its speed told true,
As the helmsman's hand, and the mariner's eye
Mark'd the setting sun on the western sky.—

And now the tints of an Autumn sky
Had purpled the gold of the setting sun,
When the Captain's summons to vespers nigh
Told the day was o'er, and their labour done.
As softly floated their chanted pray'r
To the isle, they sought under heav'n's care.—

And the sails were reef'd, and now gliding on
The moon-lit billows were seen to play,
And whisp'ring say, as they danc'd along,
God speed thee, bark, on thy heav'n-ward way !
And the night-breeze stealing in coyness near
Kiss'd the glist'ning sails, it lov'd to bear.

The watch was set, but no seaman's eye
 Was clos'd that night on the silent deep ;
 Each list'ning caught at the breeze's sigh,
 To tell how the morning would rouse from sleep ;
 For helmsman spoke of the land not far,
 As he peer'd thro' the gloom for the morning star.
 Do you mark yon speck, off the starboard bow,
 That looms through the light of the dazzling spray ?
 —'Tis the isle we seek ;—for the day-spring now
 Had streak'd th' horizon with cloudless grey ;
 And the matir-hymn broke forth anew,
 To God who had shielded that mission-crew.—
 And now, from the pride of her duty o'er,
 That gallant bark in her beauty lay,
 With sails close-fur'd by the western tow'r,
 She rode like a swan within Dublin Bay ;
 And the joyous city had caught the tale
 That the bells peal'd merrily to the gale.
 Away,—away,—o'er waste, and glen,
 From Shannon's wave, and Nenagh's fen
 From Glengary's hills, to Malin's head,
 The mission's note had swiftly sped ;—
 Had told the shades of Tara's hall
 How God's free grace had heard their call ;
 How list'ning waves round Achill's isle
 Had caught a glimpse of its peaceful smile,

A smile, that cheer'd the patriot soul,
 Crush'd by the the pow'rs of mental night
 That heeded only God's control,
 And knew no grace but Jesu's might.—
 Such christian spirits did their Queen
 Summon to raise that holy pile,
 That gallant bark, to such a scene
 Commission'd, left her native isle,
 And saw, ere she again at sea
 Danc'd o'er the waves with heartfelt glee,
 Her Erin's University :—
 And there it tow'rs, a record true,
 Of England's joy in Erin's weal,
 Protesting to the wide world's view
 Against the Roman Pontiff's zeal,
 By teaching from the Bible's law,
 The son's of Erin to aspire
 To patriot's freedom that will draw
 New faith, new virtue, new desire,
 That lights the soul from heav'n's fire.

IX.

Surely you've seen, when early spring
 Lures all its wildest sweets to bring
 Their holiest incense, in its course
 From heav'n, whence springs its beauty's source ;—

You've seen adown the breathing vale,
 Scented with softest spring-tide's gale,
 The clust'ring bees on flow'ring thyme,
 Rifling each bell in very prime,
 A busy throng still urge their flight,
 Fearing the chill of coming night :—
 You've mark'd with what sagacious skill,

Neglecting every gaudy flow'r
 As though they said, such cannot fill

Our homes, that merely deck the bow'r,
 They search beneath each leaflet's shade
 Fearing to pass some honey'd glade,
 Through haste untasted, useless made :—
 And as you've watch'd their cupning art,
 To cause each little sweet impart
 Its bounden share of sunny spoil,
 With which to recompense their toil,
 You will have mark'd, in fancy's span,
 Their one desire, united plan,
 To aid those labours all must give,
 That love on labour's sweets to live.—
 Such was that singleness of soul
 Through fortunes, she could not control,
 That made Elizabeth profess
 Her faith in Christian holiness ;—
 That to her well-train'd mind had giv'n

One thought, that seem'd to point to heav'n :—
 That through those bee-like busy hives
 Of Grammar Schools, where science strives
 To teach its youth, through freedom's thought,
 With what sure blessedness is fraught
 The simple doctrine of Christ's Church
 When drawn from the pure Bible's search,
 That thus her throne might ever be
 From ev'ry pow'r for ever free,
 And rooted in her people's heart
 Might flourish, and new life impart.—
 For train'd 'midst dire oppression's school,
 That brook'd not toleration's rule,
 Through bitter misgivings of soul
 Her spirit, spurning such control,
 Had learn'd a holier flame to light,
 To be the pyre of mental night ;—
 To be that beacon, whence its fire
 Her country's love might freely draw,
 Whence children's children might aspire
 To grace her schools in freedom's law ;—
 That thus posterity might feel
 Those blessings, that such schools would seal.

X.

Clear shone that beacon's blaze afar,
 Gleaming from Windsor's royal tow'rs,

As down th' horizon, Brunswick's star

Cheer'd the lone gloom of coming hours ;—

A gloom, that scarce e'en martyr's pile

Could dissipate from England's isle.—

Yet now unshackl'd, free, alone,

Seeking it's strength at heav'n's throne,

Strength, that had taught it, meekly bear

Those honors, it so lov'd to share ;

Strength, that had rescued from the grave,

When there was stretch'd no arm to save :—

Thus sav'd, thus guarded, o'er the sea

It bade her wave-girt isles be free ;

And at her bidding was unfurl'd

The flag, that still the christian world,

Cheers to the rescue :—Straight arose

One thrilling shout from off the wave,

Such as would daunt e'en freedom's foes,

Who would consign her to the grave ;

But now midst hope and love it threw

From rock, and tow'r, from field and glen,

Its sweetest peace-cry, as the dew

On sun-lit Britain rose again :—

And Sarnia's isle responsive rung

To the free notes her Britain sung,

And raised her shackl'd arms ;

Boldly her spirit shook the chain,

That long had cramp'd her 'midst the main,

From Gallia's wild alarms :—

Swift from each cavern'd ocean's cliff

Wild echo cheer'd the seaman's skiff,

Proudly to stem the breaker's roar,

And learn the freedom of his shore :—

While each wild wave in joyous show

Caught the warm breath of freedom's glow,

And rear'd a nobler crest,

As on the slopes of Sarnia's isle,

Arose aloft a gorgeous pile,

At its lov'd Queen's behest,

A pile, where learning's self may rule,

A pile, the boast of Britain's school.

XI.

O might I gaze upon a sight,

Beyond the confines of the light,

That God to man hath freely giv'n,

If man will humbly trust in heav'n ;

Nor seek to desecrate the gift

Of heav'n's free grace, nor proudly lift

Self-righteous love and faith to vie,

Back'd with the world's cold pageantry,

With all the glories of the sky :—

O ! might I gaze, and gazing—tell

In burning words, that love to dwell
 On mem'ry's much scribbled page,
 When he, who sung has serv'd his age,
 And fall'n on sleep ;—O then, what bliss
 To read 'midst worlds with gorgeousness
 Glowing from myriad Suns, the truth
 Fresh as in all primæval youth
 Of first Creation, that alone
 Salvation is in mercy shewn.

O—'twere a bliss to gaze, then teach
 To Britain's youth, what honours reach
 To heav'n's trust, what learning proves
 Most fit for justice, what removes
 Man from allegiance due, thence learn
 Through what humility to turn
 Man's knowledge on himself, and bring
 His children to religion's spring.

And did thy country's God, to thee,
 Our maiden queen, in love bestow
 Such foresight of that liberty,

As caus'd thy people to forego
 The glittering pomp of earth's parade,
 And seek religion's humbler shade?—
 Yes, 'mid thy shade from sacred tow'r
 Fondly thou reard'st the lowly bow'r
 Of Westminster's lov'd school, to be

Her country's pride, whence Britain free,
 Free, through that pow'r her youth might train,
 For a long length of future reign :—
 Whence taught in humble pray'r to bow
 The knee to Christ, him dare confess,
 Its youth might learn, and feel, and know,
 That God alone can give and bless ;
 Where too, while musing down those aisles,
 O'er the memorials of the dead,
 Think how their honour'd Queen still smiles
 And cheers in duty's path to tread ;
 While from each niche each hallow'd urn,
 Summons its youth to God to turn,
 And bids with patriot love to burn.

XII.

Twine then a holier wreath to grace
 Those laurels, that the royal race
 Of sainted Kings for England's pride
 Have won, through martyr's faith, and died :—
 Theirs was a glorious career,
 Glorious the faith they died to rear,
 Glorious their mighty love ;—
 E'en from their cradle's lisped pray'r,
 Taught by a Christian Mother's care

To seek their strength above :
 Fondly they sought their country's weal,
 And dar'd with British breath to seal
 That charter, Rome could once reveal ;—
 That charter—Rome in Spring-time gave
 Her free-born sons in earliest bloom :—
 “ That patriots spurn'd their lives to save,
 If Rome consign'd them to the tomb :—”
 But then 'twas Rome, the bold, the free,
 Rome proud in freedom's destiny.
 —O 'twere a noble work to trace
 That holiest teaching of the heart,
 Just bursting into Christian grace,
 A British mother shall impart,
 When at a Christian mother's knee
 The babe is taught its liberty.—
 Mothers ! arise ! 'tis yours to shed
 A hallow'd peace around the head
 Of Britain's Queen, she leads the van,
 And cheers each mother to the task,
 Yours is the noble path she ran,
 In her fond nursing you may bask :
 —Hence, Lancaster, no purer gem
 In England's royal diadem
 Shines brighter than your Grammar School,
 The very nurse of Christian rule.—
 God speed thee on the silent course

Thy queen hath hallow'd at its source :—
 But vain the teaching at that school,
 Where mother's love hath ceas'd to rule
 The workings of the heart :—
 Vainly, e'en royal schools may rise,
 And point the pathway to the skies
 Mid kindest learning's art :—
 The depths of science may be gain'd,
 The world may laud the man enchain'd
 By cold abstracted lore ;—
 Nay ;—the more brilliant glows the sphere,
 That shall such genius revere,
 Self-love will gnaw the more ;—
 E'en like the vampire's deadly bite,
 That fascinates the live-long night,
 The babe, unconscious that its dream
 Of angels, fanning there should seem
 The fore-taste of its joy :—
 'Tis so ;—the world's applause falls chill,
 Nay ;—such a soul it cannot fill :—
 No mother taught that boy.

XIII.

The mystic Spirits of the dead
 Still love those hallow'd seats, that led
 The living breathing men to save

Their country's glory, from the grave
 Of endless ignorance :—it raise
 A beacon, lighted from the blaze
 Of pure religion's holy ray,
 That lights to heav'n, and points the way :—
 Is it then strange, there should be known

On Britain's soil such holy men
 To offer to their country's throne

Their all, that she might rise again
 A brighter day-star than of yore,
 To guide a world, its church restore ?—
 And what ! though smile of regal pow'r
 Grac'd not thy corner-stone of tow'r ;—
 What ! though no Queen, with nobler rule,
 Stood nursing parent to thy school ;—
 Their spirits minister'd the grace

Freely to give to God his own,
 Their hearts as freely guard that place

As though they set its corner stone.
 —Say, Rugby, wilt thou less revere
 That sacred name, that simple bier
 Thine own lov'd sheriff sought to rear,
 And dar'd with patriot zeal to stem
 Proud ignorance by humbler gem
 Won from the regal diadem ?—
 And say ye, whom the world's cold pride

Has wean'd from hope, midst sorrow tried,
 Shall Arnold's glory less approve
 Its virtue to its country's love?—
 Not so; the page of Britain's fame
 More sacred glow'd, as o'er it came
 The day-spring of a holier pride,
 When merchant-princes graced the side
 Of heav'n-train'd piety, to raise
 Those Grammar Schools, where youth should praise
 That God, who boundless in his might
 Had drawn them from their mental night :
 —And thus in simple guise they stand,
 The handmaids of their Britain's church,
 Like gems upon that fabled strand,
 Where the lost jewels of the deep,
 Treasur'd in wild profusion, keep
 One dazzling splendour o'er the land,
 And need no curious eye to search.
 And say—does Harrow's-Hill not joy
 With all the fondness of a child,
 When Lyon climb'd thee, as a boy,
 And dying, saw thee midst the wild,
 Crown'd with a glory, that will rule
 The mightiest engine of the world ;
 Yet bows, submissive in that school,
 Where Christ's pure banner is unfurl'd?—

And thy name, Sutton, happy son
 Of happier parent, to have won
 Such gift from heav'n, in mercy shewn,
 Shall thus thy country's love make known,
 Far as the furthest bounds of zeal
 Can set its missionary seal,
 That from thy charter'd school may spring
 In long succession, who will bring
 Faith, peace and joy in close array,
 And teach a Gentile world through Christ to pray.

XIV

No surer veers the magnet's pow'r
 To its true pole, tho' storms may low'r
 Across th' horizon's glare, to be
 The seaman's sole security ;—
 No nestling, from a linnet's brood,
 Seeking with half-fledg'd wing, where stood
 Its parents' warm and downy nest,
 When, 'scap'd from spoiler's selfish hand,
 Is closer in its sorrows prest,
 And owns its parents' just command ;—
 Than to thine old time-honour'd seat,
 Where Grongar's woods and wild retreat
 Recall those scenes of happier days,
 Of school-boy's joys, and hopes, and fears,

And fancy yearning turns to gaze,

Ere it be summon'd from the tears

Of sorrowing friends, and fondly sees

In the bright mirror memory gives,

Full many a name, upon those trees,

That, carv'd in sunny youth, still lives :

But they, my playmates—Where are they ?

No forms across the mirror stray.

—Well may such love be nurs'd by thee,

Pluck'd from Rome's pow'r, to be free,

Sweet Felstead—where the mildest sway,

That ever woman's love could wield,

Taught her fond children that the way

To heav'n's shrine was e'er to shield

Religious faith, and virtue's name,

From a proud world in arms for fame,

And keep them spotless as they came.

And say who've quail'd before that brow

That knew no guile, that spurn'd a lie,

Whose justice snre, was ever slow

To punish, but with weeping eye ;

Whose love, e'en like the deepest mine

The deeper wrought, did deeper shine,

And lead to heav'n's purity.

O'er thy lov'd ashes I might weep,

If thou hadst taught me soar no higher ;

But no, lov'd master, I will keep
 My mind intent on heavenly fire ;
 For e'en to heaven thou couldst not go
 Alone, and leave on earth below
 Those youthful souls, thou didst inspire.
 I may not desecrate this page,
 Devoted by my grateful heart,
 Or laud thy name to future age
 Midst those, whose tears can never start ;—
 Thy silent path on earth forbade
 Thy living virtues to be clad
 In language, that might praise impart.
 Away, then, monumental urn,
 Thou with the world wilt sure decay,
 Away, with glowing words that burn,
 And grateful hearts in homage pay :—
 Thy glory, like the vestal fire,
 Our children's children shall desire,
 And kindle into brighter day.

O ! I would stay my thoughts ; but no,
 The soul long-pent will not forego
 Its offering of love :
 For still it hovers o'er each scene,
 Still owns, that all its joys have been
 Drawn from that source above,

And now, that o'er that Grammar School
A faithful spirit should have rule—

 This hand had helped to rear ;
That this same happy, holy mind,
In Christian wisdom sweetly kind,
 And vice alone must fear,
Should be the guardian of that home,
Seems like the dream, that loves to come
Mid day-dawn's vigils, when the soul,
Joyous, roams free from all control,

 To scan its mercy giv'n:—
God speed thee in thy mission's might,
O ! may thy sunshine know no night,
 To shroud its future heav'n.

XV.

O there is comfort in the thought,
 That all the mercies God has giv'n,
Are but mere shadows, those have sought,
Who here await the prize of heav'n ;—
Who feel, that each new rising day,
That brings its trouble, is the ray,
That leads their chasten'd minds to prize
New blessings opening to their eyes.

 E'en thus it seem'd a work of love,
Of ease, thus gently to remove,

The jaded spirits from the reign
 Of murd'ring schoolboy's dismal lore,
 O're Homer's page and Virgil's strain,
 And thus its patience to restore :—

Thus, had I dreamt, but vain the dream,
 My rest did still unfolding seem

To bring new labour, like the flow'r
 Closing its evening, though in death,

Till morning's sun, with early show'r,
 Shall of its fellow scent the breath,—

E'en thus, each school my fancy told,

How vain the effort to be bold,

In works above the price of gold:

Thus foil'd, I fain would crave your mead

Of pardon, granted, if it's need

Proves itself worthy of the boon,

Oft giv'n, forgotten oft—too soon :—

For how shall timid song rehearse,

Or laud your love in glowing verse,

Ye Grammar-Schools, that o'er the land

Sow the ripe seeds of Christian grace ?

And as kind Nature's gentler hand

Gives strength of stem, the storm to face ;—

Thus ye, each in your own career,

Teach early faith to blossom there :—

Your name too, legion ;—Who shall dare

Profane your hallow'd shrines, that bear
 Such living incense to the source
 Of light and truth, as in their course
 Would save a world?—O I would fain
 Launch forth my bark upon the main,
 And seek each happy distant spot,
 The world nor heeds, and favours not,
 And there, in guise of simple rule,
 Find some time-hallow'd Grammar-School.—
 O shades of honour'd men!—whose life
 Thus grac'd the land, that gave you birth,
 Yours is a fame, no death, no strife,
 Nor time can e'er efface from earth;—
 Yours was the mighty love to found,
 To rear, endow with ample store,
 Where humble science, learning sound
 Might, on the base of Christian lore,
 Teach wond'ring nations to exclaim:—
 "Peace is the fruit of learning's fame."

XVI

God would not that the tortur'd soul,
 That died, despite his wealth's control,
 Should re-appear on earthly scene,
 To paint with writhing frenzied mien
 The endless agony of fire,

The worm, th' avenger of his ire ;—
 That thus, his brethren he might move,
 Lest they should forfeit Heaven's love.
 —God said, enough was giv'n to tell,
 How lose a heaven, or gain a hell :—
 And is it still e'en thus ?—'tis so,—
 Still wilder threats, still surer woe,
 Await that monstrous thing of sin,
 That knows no God, but self within :—
 O ! the blood curdles at the fate
 Of such, as heed, nor care, but hate
 The very offering of that Lord,
 Whose mercy has thrice-bless'd their hoard :—
 How must such heart be sear'd, and chill,
 That never felt the thrilling tear,
 That of God's wealth has drank its fill,
 Yet dropp'd no offering o'er the bier,
 That shades with monumental woe,
 The aid, its orphans must forego ?
 —Say ye, whose golden stores are won,
 E'en from the sinews of that band,
 Whose daily bread, at setting sun,
 Just holds their life from mouth to hand :—
 Have these no souls for heav'n to save,
 No God beyond their humble grave ?—
 Who has not 'midst these children seen,

The embryo-buds of future might,
E'en while their little forms have been

Encompass'd by a chilling night?
Have seen their giant minds to soar
To holier graces than before?

These, form the mighty of the world,
These, make religion's truth unfurl'd,

Such youth their country needs;—
Endow then, with no sparing hand,
Your Grammar-Schools, that through each land

The world may see your deeds;
And, thus, it may be taught to bring
A holier offering to the spring.
Whence flows that stream of faithful joy,
No drought can waste, no time destroy.
O!—I would draw the veil of night

O'er those dear schools, whose grey stones tell
Of years gone past, of chilling blight,

That mock'd their efforts to rise well
Upon the breeze, that past them bore
Those sources of endowment's store.

But no :—my duty bids me lay
One charge of parting pray'r—and stay
The hand of wealth, ere now the grave
Shall rifle, what it died to save.—

And shall the spirit of your Leigh

His Wigan Grammar-School not guard?—
 Shall none be found, in this our day,
 To save its antique masonry,
 And look to heav'n for his reward?
 And shall the very stones for shame,
 Crumbling to parent dust, proclaim
 No hand was stretch'd to stem the wave,
 And bid it time's slow vengeance brave?
 —It may not be;—some humble soul
 Will dare to meet the torrent's roll,
 Will love the school their Woodcock* sought,
 Will shew the very spot he stood,
 And where he knelt, and pray'd, and taught,
 And fed his poor with heav'nly food,

* Thomas Woodcock, Esq., died November 6th, 1850, and was gathered to his fathers, in the parish Church of Wigan, attended by the affectionate sorrow of the whole town. He was elected Governor of the Wigan Grammar School, May 18th 1813, from which period he had ever warmly espoused its best interests, and had long been desirous to see exhibitions founded for the purpose of sending its pupils to the Universities. He had also at his own personal expense and labour established an Adult Sunday School, from which immense advantages have been continually reaped: in this latter labour he was assisted by his sons, through whose liberality the Schools are still carried on. Mr. Woodcock, therefore, was one of those few the memory of whom, now taken from us, we would express a hope that we too in the language of Tacitus

“ Similitudine decoremus.”

What hand of Wigan will not bring
 Some tribute to his memory's love ?
 That thus his honor'd name may ring
 Wide as the mission's zeal shall rove,
 And his lov'd Grammar School may be,
 The pride of Wigan's industry.

XVII.

Amid her clust'ring vernal bow'rs,
 Where Nature in profusion show'rs
 The scented grandeur of her love,
 And shews Creation's God above,
 You've mark'd how every flow'r and tree,
 Brighter in glory as more free,
 Veils all its pride, as though it felt
 The Godhead's presence, that had dealt
 Its bounteous mercy through the storm,
 That wildly swept from nature's face,
 All that would proudly not conform,
 Nor bow, to 'scape their last disgrace ;
 And shall then man, whose years are brief,
 Far briefer than the oaken leaf,
 That glows when he is gone,
 Shall man, the friended of God's world,
 Not humbly wave the flag unfurl'd

To honor God alone ?

Yes ;—the same spirit that hath said,
 “ Pride is not man’s,” has gently laid
 Another precept on the soul,
 Its selfish efforts to control,
 “ That who hath nobly serv’d his end
 “ Does to a crown immortal tend,
 “ Through time’s eternity shall glow
 “ Yet brighter, as God’s worlds shall flow.”
 Hence—to fulfil this grand design,
 Kings in their might have dar’d combine,
 And merchant-princes too have striv’n,
 To raise their country’s cause to heav’n ;
 To rear in long and length’ning pile,
 The Grammar-Schools of Britain’s isle :—
 And bade them nobly meet the storm,
 That scathes religion’s living form :—
 And have not these fulfill’d the plan
 Prompt’d by God, design’d by man ?—
 That to their country’s summons gave
 Souls—that wildest death did brave,
 That its lov’d freedom they might save :—
 Souls—that the muse from heav’n has fir’d,
 And Gospel-liberty inspir’d,
 To tune their harps to notes as free
 As breezes off the Southern sea ?

Souls—that the fever's noisome breath,
 And plague, and pestilence, and death,
 Have nobly stemm'd, and calm'd the while
 Till nature's healthful face could smile?
 Souls—that the love of Christ has train'd
 By holier ties than man can weave,
 On savage lands, self-exil'd, chain'd,
 Their bones without a grave to leave,
 Or friend their latest pray'r receive?—
 Souls—that with truthful daring hand
 Urg'd by God's love, have pluck'd the brand
 From lawless violence and crime,
 That kings could scarce control,
 And, dauntless, mid sedition's time,
 Spurning the bribe that crush'd the soul,
 Have hurl'd defiance in its prime
 Of language, clad with thunder's roll?

XVIII

O—might those dreamy loves of childhood's hour,
 That hallow'd teaching of a mother's pow'r,
 Still form the visions of maturer thought,
 Shadow'd in all those hues, that nature caught
 From first creation's glory, how the mind
 Would in yon nether sky some haven find,

Some beauteous spot, some soft Elysian bow'r,
 Whence the expanded soul its love might show'r
 O'er all those paths, which living it had trod—
 O'er all those ties, that bound it to its God :—
 Thence o'er its country shine a native star,
 Thence guide its councils, breathing peace for war.

Nurs'd by such teaching on a mother's knee,
 Soon learns the Babe to lisp, in pray'r-ful glee,
 Its heavenly purpose to ascend the sky,
 And for its prize win immortality.
 —Nor does such teaching cease with childhood's dream,
 Still does our mother through our boyhood seem
 To point to heav'n's bliss, still lead the way,
 Still aid the Grammar-school's momentous sway,
 To cheer the meek with sympathetic smile,
 To blanch the coward's cheek, and spurn its guile,
 To stay the tyrant's hand, that would control
 And wither every nobleness of soul,
 To know no fear, to hear but duty's call,
 And grateful own its God supreme in all.
 —Rear'd in such teaching, well may Britain's youth
 Read in the star-lit heav'ns its cradled truth,
 That each fond spirit, freed from earthly care
 Of duty nobly dar'd, will freely share
 In heav'n's immensity some enthr'ing bliss,
 And watch, a guardian-star, its happiness.

—Thus when o'er Chatham's bier a nation shed
 Its tears, a faithful tribute to the dead,
 Who saw not, that same hour, one jewell'd star
 Shine forth more dazzling, where th' horizon far,
 Midst the wild waves of continental strife,
 Seem'd to engulf the germ of Britain's life?
 Till Chatham's call to duty rous'd the land,
 Awak'd the tocsin slumb'ring through its strand,
 And through his country's senate borne along,
 With dying breath denounc'd the oppressor's wrong.

O Duty!—maiden Queen, from heav'n above,
 Say, from what source thou draw'st thy mighty love?
 O. say, at whose behest, each mother rears
 Its babe for thy dread service, that endears
 Its every toil, its care, its joy, its life,
 All for thy hallow'd call, thy sacred strife:—
 And did the Grammar-school not faithful prove
 To him, thy other son of happiest love?—
 Did she not fan the flame, a heav'n espous'd,
 A mother cherish'd, and a Chatham rous'd?
 Yes—he was nobly rear'd, and school'd, thence led
 By Duty's self to brave oppression's head,
 By heav'n summon'd, he bade his ocean's isle
 To fear not Gallia's threats, nor Denmark's guile,
 His Britain's banner to the breeze unfurl'd,
 And in his patriot-fire defied the world:—

Stern duty call'd, her Nelson led the way,
 And fell a victor in Trafalgar's bay ;—
 Still did his spirit love the wild sea's foam,
 Still shed new lustre on his Britain's home,
 Still lead the seaman's eye, still guide the helm,
 Still shine a brighter star o'er Britain's realm,
 While wond'ring Europe, through a nation's tears,
 Mark'd Chatham, Nelson, to dispel its fears,
 Two beauteous stars, amid the lurid gloom,
 To chase the darkness brooding o'er the tomb.
 —Nor did they shine in vain, far India saw
 Their new-born brilliance with prophetic awe,
 Rush'd to the fight to save its idol-pow'r,
 And found a tyrant's grave beneath its tow'r.

Again in hideous guise the fury sped,
 Hurl'd her red torch to overwhelm the peaceful head
 Of Europe, madden'd by the iron sway
 Of him, no realms could glut, no power stay :—
 Her sorrows Britain heard, "Enough," she said,
 "Away my son, stern duty calls,—be dead,
 "—Dead to soft pleasure's voice ; your country's weal
 "Demands your holiest love—your holiest zeal :—
 "At duty's call bid every selfish thought
 "Vanish from out thy breast, with glory fraught,
 "Spurn the mild dalliance of seductive pow'r,
 "And look to heav'n alone, when tempests low'r."

—She spoke—her bidding brook'd no fond delay,
 The storm had rush'd, and empires swept away :—
 Amidst a gallant band his pennon flew,
 Still check'd the route, still yielded to pursue,
 And while with eagle glance he scann'd the flood,
 Refus'd to triumph at the cost of blood ;—
 Deem'd every soul for its dear country giv'n,
 If lost, a dread account for him with heav'n.
 Yet—onwards was the cry, still duty calls,
 The tyrant threatens—Europe's freedom falls ;—
 Vengeance demands—no peace can bless the land,
 Where madness rules the sway of labour's hand ;
 Still must the foeman meet the foeman's steel,
 And still must British blood the conquest seal ;
 Till Gallia vanquish'd by Britannia's son
 Own'd the dread power of mighty Wellington ;—
 And grateful shar'd the peace she would have riv'n
 E'en from a world in arms—despite of heav'n.
 What ! though his sword be sheath'd, that curb'd a world
 What ! though his banner be no more unfurl'd,
 Calm as midst roar of battle, calmer still
 At duty's voice he learns the sov'reign will
 Of his lov'd country's senate, and thus guides
 Obedient to its call, the power that chides ;—
 Still to his latest breath submissive yields,
 And dies the victor of a hundred fields.

And shall their Britain stay her thrilling tear,
 A world has hallow'd o'er her patriot's bier?
 Shall those lov'd names from Britain's memory glide,
 Their country ever heard with holy pride?—
 Long, as the ocean wave shall girt their isle,
 And ev'ning's gilded sun in beauty smile,
 Long, as the early dew shall gem each meed,
 And night's dread grandeur on her silence feed,
 So long each mother, fir'd with holy fame,
 Will teach her babe to lisp each patriot's name—
 Will to her infant's gaze, at eve's still hour,
 Point, in their zenith's orb, to that bless'd pow'r,
 That sav'd a world, by mad oppression driv'n
 To spurn the laws of man, reject its heav'n:—
 Point to those stars that cheer each British son—
 Chatham, and Nelson, with their Wellington.

And there in glowing harmony they shine
 Emblems of filial power,—and love to twine
 Around their Grammar-schools, where duty's light
 Arous'd their souls to hallow virtue's flight,
 To twine their triple star—one priceless gem,—
 And form the wreath of Britain's diadem.

XIX

'Twas eve, yet still the setting sun,
 Ling'ring to tell its love-lorn tale,

Sigh'd as it gaz'd o'er laurels won,
 And o'er them breath'd its parting wail ;—
 The brow you lov'd to twine is chill,
 Cease laurels, cease, it must not be,
 To woo each zephyr from the hill,
 Each coyest breeze from off the sea ;—
 Weep, laurels, o'er your soldier's bed,
 The hand that planted you is dead,—
 Yet still one gaze o'er Walmer's keep,
 Ere he could part for ocean's deep,
 And leave in death a son asleep :—
 No, not in death—from darkling sky,
 True to its duty's call on high,
 A coronal of living light
 Burst on the woe-bewilder'd sight
 Of Britain's weeping Queen:
 Weeping a friend, who ne'er had fail'd,
 Weeping for him a world bewail'd,
 Yes, lady, thou wast seen :—
 To thee, as e'en to all thine own,
 One God had shar'd his grace,
 That thou, from thy time-honour'd throne,
 Thine, from their humbler place,
 Should, from those tears our God has giv'n,
 Find peace on earth, their rest in heav'n.
 On such an eve, it well became

The crown of Christendom's bright hope,
 To peer beyond her star-lit reign,
 And seek, mid destiny's wide scope,
 What blessings might in part avail,
 To ease the pangs of Britain's wail
 For him thus lost ;
 Surely her pray'r was heard above,
 For aid to well direct her love,
 Nor count its cost,
 In giving for her people's weal
 Some pious boon that all might feel,
 And thus their gratitude reveal ;—
 And what ! if when her Britain's star
 With triple lustre beam'd afar,
 To guard its future son :
 What ! if inspir'd by duty's rule,
 She rear'd a regal Grammar-school,
 Enshrin'd to Wellington.

*	*	*	*
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Three centuries have flown, yet still
 The same wild spirit, as of yore,
 Spurning the freedom of God's will,
 Braves the world's banner as before :—

O God ! in mercy spare this scene,
 That threatens with imperious mien
 To menace Heav'n, and earth defy ;
 Thine is the only might to stay
 ✱ In thy good time the hideous sway,
 Rome seeks in scarlet bravery.—
 Pray'r, too, of faith must aid the pow'r
 Still waving from the beacon tow'r,
 Her Britain dares to raise,
 Then strengthen, Grammar-schools, those loves,
 Your Queen demands, your God approves,
 Your country's freedom prays :—
 For faith of Reformation's flood
 Again 'midst anguish must be tried,
 And Britain's strand with martyr'd blood,
 If God so wills it, must be dy'd :—
 Onward ;—the watchword of our fight,
 Is still—" May God defend the right."

THE END.

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